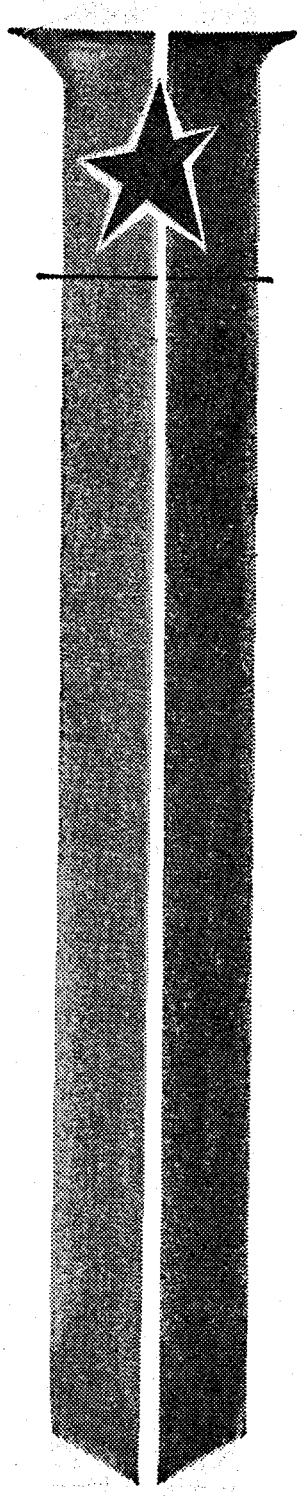
THE NATION

JUNE 23, 1962 . . 25c



SENATOR DODD

A Portrait in Contrasts

Herbert Krosney

OGRESS IN THE OFFICE

Eve Merriam

SIX PILES of SALT

Tragedy in Northeast Brazil

Sol Biderman

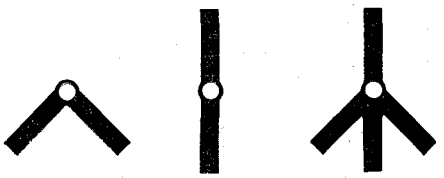
The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Anti-Bomb Symbol

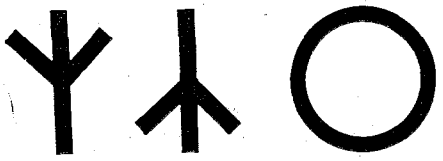
Dear Sirs: I learn that the symbol which has been adopted by many nuclear-disarmament organizations throughout the world represents a combination of the semaphores for "N" and "D," the whole surrounded by a circle. Thus:



"N" *"D"* *"N"+"D"*

Put together, we get the familiar symbol now used by so many anti-bomb groups:

I must confess to a certain disappointment at this explanation of origin. As something of a student of symbology, I had assumed that the design derived from certain primitive or medieval symbols which together would stand for "Man Dies by Fire," or perhaps "Man Dies Unborn"—both terrifyingly appropriate to the nuclear threat. Thus Robert Koch, German symbologist, in his *The Book of Signs,* gives the following ancient meanings (among others) to the units which make up the symbol:



Man *Man Dies* *Fire*
Eternity
Unborn Child

I suggest that if this powerful symbol is presented merely as representing two English words in code, much of its potential interlingual force is being dissipated. LANIER C. GREER
Bakersfield, Calif.

20th-Century Noah

Dear Sirs: James R. Newman (may his tribe increase) makes one error in his "Eight Scientists Dispute Teller" (*The Nation,* May 12).

He understandably fails to appreciate the simple logic of Mr. Teller's reasoning on shelters. Not only does Mr. Teller aspire to his place in history as the Father of the H-Bomb, but he possibly wishes to be remembered as the Noah of the Twentieth Century.

The first Noah gathered in only two of every living fleshy thing to save them from the Flood. . . . Mr. Teller plans to pack *all* us urbans underground, batten down the hatches and wait for the Storm to pass. Then, when he sends out the first dove to reconnoitre and it limps back starving and radioactive, he doubtless will know what to do next.

What gives the Builder of Bombs the right to go blundering into the field of Social Salvation, for which he is as obviously unfitted as a bull in a china shop? (MRS.) JANE HARRISON HUFF
Long Beach, Calif.

Last Resource

Dear Sirs: The day after the resumption of nuclear testing by the United States, a group of women walked in protest around the capitol square in Madison, Wisconsin. These women were members of no organization. They were linked by a common concern: the milk their children drank, the air their children breathed.

The Wisconsin State Journal editorialized the next day that "It [the protest walk] has no legitimate place in a free society where we govern ourselves by the ballot box and not street agitation." However, the mothers of this country are not able to vote on nuclear testing; nor do they have the resources of a newspaper to put their case before the public. They could vote only with their feet, and this is what they did. (MRS.) LEE ZELDIN
(MRS.) MARGARET MOORE
Madison, Wis.

Non-Union Engineers

Dears Sirs: Carl Dreher ("Brains for the Missile Race," May 26) was probably right in downgrading unions of engineers. No new union has appeared in eleven years; two have disappeared; the large Sperry union is reeling between disestablishment and affiliation with the IUE, and unorganized engineers evidence no special interest.

Mr. Dreher, however, may mislead with his expectation that engineering societies will eventually assume an aggressive, union-like role. The labor laws prohibit bargaining activities by the societies, and the Supreme Court has recently held against the society-sponsored answer to labor unions (see the *Cabot Carbon* decision on "sounding boards"). Moreover, surveys indicate considerable lack of interest within the societies themselves.

The engineer, in short, has little use for society-like unions and can little use union-like societies. An "answer" is not yet in sight. ARTHUR B. SHOSTAK
Dept. of Sociology
Wharton School of Finance
Philadelphia, Pa.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

545 ●

ARTICLES

547 ● Senator Dodd: Portrait in Contrasts
by HERBERT KROSNEY

553 ● Six Piles of Salt
by SOL BIDERMAN

556 ● The Ogress in the Office
by EVE MERRIAM

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

558 ● The Triumph of Francis Parkman
by VIVIAN MERCIER

559 ● Conformists and Visionaries
by ALEXANDRE METAXAS

560 ● Digging with Blinders
by ALFRED SUNDEL

560 ● Letter to Somebody from Somewhere (poem)
by WALTER LOWENFELS

561 ● Art in Washington
by MAURICE GROSSER

562 ● In Plain Words (poem)
by HARDIE ST. MARTIN

563 ● Dreamt Night of 3-22-62 (poem)
by GEORGE ECONOMOU

563 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

Crosword Puzzle (opp. 564)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Assistant to the Editors

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Paul Blackburn, Poetry

Jane Stolle, United Nations Correspondent
Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, June 23, 1962. Vol. 194, No. 25

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1962
VOLUME 194, No. 25

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Myth and Reality

In his public speeches and press conferences, the President gives an impression of sophistication and modernity. His commencement address at Yale was no exception. He disposed of a few hoary myths and clichés and laid down a principle which is no less imperative because it is obvious: " . . . we cannot understand and attack our contemporary problems . . . if we are bound by traditional labels and worn-out slogans of an earlier era." And he asked a question which is the more urgent today because it has been asked often before: "How can we generate the buying power which can consume what we produce on our farms and in our factories?"

But the President gives no sign of knowing the answer. There are signs, also, that he is the victim of a mythology of his own, as far removed from today's socio-economic realities as the stereotypes he derides. A tax cut—which the President is not likely to get this year in any case—is meaningless without tax reforms of the most drastic nature. The maldistribution of wealth in this country is almost as bad as in the backward lands to which we give aid, accompanied by exhortations to the rulers to share the wealth. The United States looks better in this respect only because the country is so rich that even the lower middle class lives passably well (though largely on credit). But the basis for a solid and stable prosperity is lacking. A Teamster Union leader recently charged that one out of every two New York City families lives at a "level of deprivation." Among non-white families the ratio rises above 70 per cent.

At the other end of the social scale, Prof. Robert J. Lampman, chairman of the department of economics at the University of Wisconsin, finds that in 1953 there were some 2,000 Americans whose wealth topped $5 million apiece; in 1961 the number had increased to 10,000. There were over 100,000 millionaires in 1961—nearly four times as many as in 1953. The Eisenhower era, according to Lampman, created more millionaires than any earlier period in our history.

We have heard all this before, in the depressed thirties, but, like the poor, the concentration of wealth is still with us, nor are the two facts unrelated. The result is a widespread inability to spend on the scale the economy requires, and reluctance to spend even when the money is available. *The Wall Street Journal* asked several hundred people in cities all over the country what they would do if they received a tax cut. Half of those who replied said they would put the money in the bank, for the future education of their children, in anticipation of a "rainy day," or just on general principles of prudence or anxiety. Very few planned to do what the President would like them to do—buy appliances, automobiles or other hard goods.

If the problems which beset the economy are "structural," palliatives will not cure them. Structural weaknesses call for structural reforms. These would be as bitterly resisted by business and the wealthy under Kennedy as they were under Roosevelt. And unlike Roosevelt, Kennedy does not even talk about them.

Summer Schedule

After June 30, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 14 and 28, and August 11 and 25.

Travesties of Foreign Aid

If one is gathering stereotypes, foreign aid is a field in which they grow like weeds. There is the "liberal" stereotype that foreign aid is a standard around which all good men must rally in the sacred name of humanity. There is the isolationist stereotype that foreign aid is an evil foisted on Americans by half-treasonable do-gooders and internationalists. Few on either side are willing to dig into specific situations and draw conclusions on the basis of the evidence. The result is that the abuses of foreign-aid practice accumulate until they cannot be ignored. Then, instead of taking sensible corrective action, the Congress strikes out blindly at the Poles and Yugoslavs who, being some shade of Red, must *ipso facto* be culprits. On sober reflection overnight and the realization by farm-belt Senators that surplus crops are involved, the action is in part rescinded, with the net result that the Polish and Yugoslav governments are enraged and the Senate has made a spectacle of itself before the world.

A country as wealthy as the United States, and as irrevocably committed to a one-world free-enterprise

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy, clearly must share its resources to some extent with the less fortunate. But this is not the same as paying for bases in the guise of foreign aid, nor does it excuse the waste and graft which afflict many of the programs. It would take a book to particularize, but a few items may serve to show why foreign aid is heading for severe trouble, especially if our own economy should decline. Last year Senate investigation disclosed that millions were lost in Bolivia through theft and spoilage of food in transit, mislocation of irrigation projects and industrial plants, and donations to wealthy Bolivians and wealthy Americans. Among American beneficiaries of "foreign" aid were the holders of $57 million in defaulted Bolivian bonds issued in the 1920s.

Another grateful recipient of our bounty is Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. The conversion of a U.S. naval vessel into an Ethiopian training ship will cost the American taxpayer $3 million, plus $170,000 for a royal suite, necessitated by the fact that the ship is also to be used as His Majesty's yacht.

Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio has had something to say about our aid to the Haitian dictator Duvalier. Since early in the Eisenhower administration, we have given Haiti more than $85 million, including more than $4 million in military aid to keep Duvalier in power. The excuse is that if he should fall, the result might be chaos, or Castroism.

"Let us," says Senator Young, "for once decide to give aid constructively or not at all." An excellent idea.

The Air Force Success Story

Since there are no precedents to go by, it is hard to say how the Air Force would acquit itself in a nuclear war; but in the United States, the Air Force is invincible. It bestrides the other services like a colossus and if it steps on their toes occasionally it hardly bothers to say, "Excuse me." It has just snatched the Advent communications-satellite program from the Army, although one of the chief troubles with Advent was not in the satellite, but in the Centaur launching rocket, and the Centaur troubles were largely caused by the Air Force itself. It not only dominates the ancillary services, but also every Administration that tries to compromise with its lust for power. Secretary McNamara made a good try, but he is being eviscerated in his turn. Jim Lucas tells in the Scripps-Howard papers of the episode centering on the H-43 B Husky helicopter. The Defense Department repeatedly complained that "the aircraft had not been justified." It "requested" the Secretary of the Air Force to hold up production. Finally the department had to approve production, because it would have cost more to cancel than to continue the program.

Secretary McNamara and President Kennedy, after following in the footsteps of President Eisenhower in going slow on the B-70 supersonic bomber, have now decided that "a limited speedup" on the RS-70, the B-70's substitute, is justified, or inevitable. The Administration asked the Congress for $171 million to develop a prototype. General Curtis LeMay insisted on $491 million, and $491 million he got.

During all of Eisenhower's tenure it was official doctrine that no military uses for space were in sight, and that space should be left, if only *pro forma,* to a civilian agency. The Kennedy Administration adopted the doctrine and gave support to the moon program through NASA. The Air Force never ceased to reiterate that unless it could outspend NASA in space, the country was in dire peril. Again the Defense Department is caving in more or less gracefully. Deputy Secretary Roswell L. Gilpatric explained that the Air Force space program had not received "the kind of attention at the top level in the Defense Department that it should have had simply because we can't do everything at once." Two weeks later due attention had been given and Mr. Gilpatric was pleased to announce that the Defense Department "has decided to develop the technology of manned orbital systems able to rendezvous with satellites and then land at pre-set locations on the earth." If the satellites prove to be hostile (the Air Force will furnish the proof) "they will be neutralized before they can do harm to mankind."

The Air Force has been likened to a Tammany Hall in its heyday. It never sleeps. Its lust for power is insatiable. It retreats, but never surrenders. It is ageless, indefatigable, invincible. Down the years, Washington has seen some tough, power-oriented lobbies and bureaus, but the Air Force tops them all.

More Critics Needed

Back in 1933, the redoubtable George (Machine-Gun) Kelly, his wife, Kathryn, and certain other defendants, were tried and convicted of kidnaping the multimillionaire oil man, Charles F. Urschel. From the outset, Mrs. Kelly insisted that she was innocent. At the trial a local handwriting expert testified that signatures on the ransom notes were in Mrs. Kelly's handwriting. Her counsel asked the court for a recess so that he might obtain another handwriting expert to examine the signatures, but the request was denied and Mrs. Kelly was convicted. Through new counsel, proceedings were launched in 1958 to reopen the case. The judge who heard the matter ordered the prosecution to produce the files and records so that he could determine whether there was any basis for Mrs. Kelly's contention that she was innocent. The FBI refused to produce its files. Thereupon the judge set aside the conviction and released Mrs. Kelly on bail (she had served twenty-five years) but the U.S. Court of Appeals

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

later reversed the ruling and remanded the case for further hearing. Much time has elapsed, but the hearing has not been resumed. Writing in the *Saturday Evening Post* (June 16), the well-known trial lawyer Edward Bennett Williams now asserts that the reason the hearings have not been resumed is that the FBI had in its possession in 1933, during Kathryn Kelly's trial, evidence that she had not signed the letters in question. "Charles A. Appel, the FBI's top handwriting analyst at the time," writes Mr. Williams, "examined the letters and concluded that the signatures were *not* those of Kathryn Kelly, but might very well have been written by George Kelly." This evidence was kept from the jury that convicted Mrs. Kelly. But as Mr. Williams points out, "the most disturbing facet of the case is that this evidence *was not even disclosed in the 1958 hearing*. Instead the Government chose to keep the file closed and forget the case." (Italics Mr. Williams'.)

The Nation has been accused of being unreasonably critical of certain methods and techniques used by the FBI, particularly in the prosecution of political offenses. But more critics are apparently needed. This latest example of the FBI's suppression of evidence underscores the likelihood of similar conduct in cases in which a charge of concealment has been raised.

Mark on Your Calendar

Since 1959, in the third week of July, in the halls of the U.S. Congress, the Russian bear is regularly clubbed over the snout while a circular saw is applied to his rump. This is Captive Nations Week and, from the hoopla and the speeches, one would think that every Congressman had a 70 per cent East European constituency. The *Congressional Record* bursts with promises to free the Captive Nations—not saying when or how. The Bear does not understand that this is all good, clean fun and that the Congress has no intention of doing anything about Estonia, Latvia, the Ukraine, "Cossackia," "Idel-Ural," etc., any more than it did anything for the Hungarian freedom fighters. The Bear issues snarling statements in response to the Congressional oratory and the Presidential proclamation, and there the matter rests for another year.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk has found Captive Nations Week almost as much of an ordeal to himself as it is to the Bear. Nothing can be done about the week per se, since this is a Congressional invention and as sacred as Mother's Day, but the Secretary has suggested that the President forgo the proclamation this year because it would interrupt his negotiations with the Bear on West Berlin. The President's receptivity to this bizarre suggestion will be something of a barometer of the cold-war weather to come.

Of equal interest would be an audit of where the money comes from to support the emissaries of the Captive Nations in the United States, and the parades and assemblies and speeches which take place outside of the Congressional halls. Could it be that the Central Intelligence Agency makes contributions to this worthy cause? We know that Moscow supports the C.P.U.S.A., but who supports the Captive Nations?

Senator Dodd: Portrait in Contrasts.. *by Herbert Krosney*

THOMAS J. DODD, the silver-haired, golden-throated junior Senator from Connecticut, is distinctly *not* in the pattern of Congressional representatives from his home state —or from any other state, for that matter.

In the lexicon of American politics, he can be classified as neither liberal nor conservative. He seems to be an incongruous mixture of both. His views on most all domestic affairs are those of the A.D.A. His views on many foreign affairs, and on domestic affairs touching on the Communist question, are distinctly to the Goldwater Right.

To name just a few of Mr. Dodd's apparently paradoxical attitudes:

¶He has questioned the worth of the United Nations. Yet he remains a member (though inactive), and was formerly Connecticut state chairman, of United World Federalists.

¶He is a solid New Frontiersman on the bread-and-butter issues (medicare, social legislation generally, civil rights); the A.D.A. gives him an average 90 per cent positive voting record for the last two years. Nevertheless, he has used his Congressional investigating power in a way many consider doubtful, and some consider reminiscent of McCarthy.

¶He loudly proclaims the virtues of American Freedom. Simultaneously, he calls our society "sick and twisted."

¶He is an organization maverick; in 1960 he was just about the lone prominent Eastern Catholic politician to support Lyndon Johnson, not Jack Kennedy, for the Presidential nomination.

WHO and what is the true Senator Dodd? Is he simply a hack politician? Does he really have any sort of social vision? Is he, in fact, another McCarthy? Is he, perhaps,

HERBERT KROSNEY, a free-lance writer, has appeared in The Nation *and other national magazines.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing more than an old-fogy moralist? The path to him leads to a variety of men, and opinions differ. Nearly all mention his wife Grace — a petite and graceful blue-eyed woman who has supported Dodd best in his moments of duress and has been one of his biggest political assets.

Says one prominent Connecticut Democrat who is close to Dodd:

> Tom Dodd is just such a wonderful sweet-hearted guy it's difficult to be against him. In many ways he's the typical Irish politician, but he has considerable personal stature. If he had lived fifty years ago and come from Boston, I'm convinced he, not Curley, would have been the mayor there.
>
> The trouble with Tom is that in some respects he's irresponsible. He'll pop off at the drop of a hat — to the despair, most of all, of his closest friends. But he's such a wonderful, decent man, and he has so much more stature than just about any other Connecticut politician, that it's difficult to condemn him.

Others who know Dodd well are not so friendly. There are those who feel that Dodd, far from irresponsible, knows at every moment what he is doing and where he is going. Says one prominent Connecticut Democrat:

> He's a crafty, tough man. He'll fight like hell for something he wants to get done. . . . Dodd's a Spellmanite type of Irish politician. You ought to study Cardinal Spellman or Joe Kennedy, not Jack Kennedy, if you want to find out what makes Dodd tick.

The facts of Dodd's life give some clues, but not many, to his current ambiguity. He was the son of a medium well-to-do contractor in mid-Connecticut, the only boy among five children. He was educated at a private school, St. Anselm's in Manchester, N.H., then at Providence College, a Jesuit institution, and finally at Yale Law School. When Dodd got out of law school, he failed his bar examinations and went into the FBI. He passed the South Dakota bar while living and working in Vermillion, S.D., in July, 1934. From 1935-38, he was state director of the National Youth Administration for Connecticut, a position which was later to qualify him for chairmanship of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, a political plum for Dodd. From 1938 to 1945 he was again in the federal service as special assistant to several Attorneys General of the U.S. "exclusively engaged in the preparation of civil and criminal cases." Included among these cases was one dealing with certain German-American Bund members and leaders, a prosecution which was to help him lay the foundation for his later political career.

In 1945, out of the federal service, Dodd attempted to gain entrance to the bar of the State of Connecticut on motion. The motion was approved by the bar committee, then challenged. Dodd's federal service was not considered the equivalent of the required ten years of service in another state. The case was taken to the state Supreme Court (Citation 132 Conn. 237, 1945) and became a leading opinion of the court. Dodd was refused admission to the bar:

> An applicant to the bar, however well fitted, may not be admitted on approval of the [bar] Committee. He may be admitted only when qualified in accordance with the rules established by the judges of that court. The applicant is not entitled to admission on his present application. He can take the examination. . . .

Did Dodd take the examination? Evidently insulted, he did not. He chose to await his return from Nuremberg when, with his new prominence, he was admitted on motion by the bar committee on Feb. 14, 1947.

In 1946, Dodd was chosen as executive trial counsel to Mr. Justice Jackson for the Nuremberg prosecution. He performed ably, got himself a Presidential citation, and was able to broaden the base of future political support.

DODD'S federal career laid the groundwork for his political success in two important ways.

First, through the prosecution of the German-American Bund members and, later, through his work at Nuremberg, he was able to gain the support of the liberal and wealthy Jewish community in Connecticut and New York. Coming out of federal service, he went into partnership with M. L. Blumenfeld, a Jewish member of the bar (now a U.S. judge). He remains, today, a persistent opponent of anti-Semitism, and has severely criticized the State Department for permitting Arab countries to exclude American Jews.

Second, while in Washington he formed a friendship with a New Deal Congressman from Texas named Lyndon Johnson. This friendship has proved a key to Dodd's advancement in the Senate. When Dodd came to the Senate in 1959, Johnson gave him an impressive list of committee assignments, including both the Foreign Relations and Judiciary — very rare luck for a junior Senator. Then he is also chairman of the Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, vice chairman under James Eastland of the Subcommittee on Internal Security, and a member of the important anti-trust and African subcommittees. He has utilized his assignments for headline-getting and political advancement with all the skill of a good, hard-nosed politician.

Dodd first stepped into public life in 1952, after several years' private law practice with Judge Blumenfeld. As a result of his work at the Nuremberg trials, his name was already prominent in Connecticut politics and he had been mentioned in 1948 as a possible gubernatorial candidate.

Because of a variety of residences throughout the state, Dodd could have run for Congress from a number of districts. He chose Hartford, the state capital. The district is predominantly Catholic and Dodd is a Catholic. A good speaker and tireless campaigner, he managed to win by 20,000-odd votes. The victory was all the more impressive because the Eisenhower-led Republican slate easily swept the rest of the state; Dodd became Connecticut's lone Democratic Congressman. This gave him a reputation as a "winner." He was re-elected in 1954. In 1956, he ran for the Senate against another Connecticut winner, Prescott Bush, and lost. But the loss could be excused: 1956 was a solid Eisenhower year in the Nutmeg State.

Not unexpectedly for a freshman Congressman, Dodd's years in Con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gress from 1952-1956 were not particularly distinguished. Perhaps his most eloquent speech had to do with wire tapping (which Dodd at the time firmly opposed and later supported):

> Perhaps the most specious argument . . . is that no innocent person needs to worry about wire tapping. This is probably the worst type of police-power propaganda. . . .
>
> Have we become a nation of faceless people, without individual personalities, without privacy, and without individual dignity?
>
> Are there no sacred things left?
>
> Cannot a parent speak alone to his child?
>
> Must the patient surrender that confidence born of privacy which he shares with his physician?
>
> Have husbands and wives no words that are their own? Are we committed to live in a police-state goldfish bowl? God forbid that the nature of America has been thus altered.

By May of 1961, Dodd — by then in the Senate — had evidently decided there *were* no sacred things left. He introduced a wire-tapping bill which incorporated to a great extent some of the very items against which he had so eloquently protested in 1954. Dodd now justifies his reversal in this way: "In the last years, I've come to the conclusion that in an electronic age, law-enforcement officials will have to have controlled use of electronic devices." He does not refer to the resulting lack of privacy which he termed "a police-state goldfish bowl" just eight years ago.

Senator Thomas J. Dodd

IN THE years between 1956 and 1958, as well as in the years of his private practice, Dodd has handled several interesting clients. Among them was the Government of Guatemala. Dodd is the only man on the floor of the U.S. Senate today to have been registered as an agent for a foreign government (for years, Drew Pearson has been referring to him as "Tom Dodd, foreign agent"). True, the government Dodd represented was U.S.-installed and avowedly pro-United States; and certainly there was nothing illegal involved on Dodd's part, or on anyone else's. But one wonders if a man who has been a Congressman has the moral right to use his position of public influence in acting as legal counsel to a foreign government. Dodd defends himself by stating that he did no lobbying for the Government of Guatemala; that he was approached to take the job and did not seek it out, and that he acted only as legal counselor. He seems sensitive on the point. It is highly probable that his fee from Guatemala went to defray his 1958 Senatorial campaign expenses.

Another Dodd activity involved participation in the Teamsters Union monitor dispute in 1957. Attorney Godfrey Schmidt, who had already made a name for himself as an anti-Communist crusader in the entertainment world through the organization known as AWARE, called in the Dodd-Blumenfeld firm to help him represent some Teamster members who opposed Jimmy Hoffa and wanted a monitorship appointed over their union. The dissident unionists won their case, and their trio of attorneys — Dodd, Blumenfeld and Schmidt — then filed for a $350,000 fee to be paid out of the Teamster Union treasury.

Opposing the fee claim, Edward Bennett Williams, defense counsel in the case, wrote:

> Without intending in any way to minimize the standing or ability of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plaintiffs' counsel, or to deprecate the time and efforts which they expended during the pendency of this action, defendants aver that the amount requested is so inordinately high as to be unconscionable.

In the end, the court awarded $105,000 to Dodd and Blumenfeld and another $105,000 to Schmidt—a total of $210,000, or some $140,000 less than filed for. This figure was appealed by the defense and a compromise settlement was reached out of court for approximately $180,000 — just about half of what Dodd, Blumenfeld and Schmidt had started out to get.

DODD was hungry for money in 1956-1958 for very good reason. He had embarked on a Senatorial campaign which would take him into every corner of Connecticut and which would see him, an underdog who was hardly known outside the state, wrest the nomination away from such national figures as former Governor Bowles and former Senator Benton. This campaign is a fascinating saga of contemporary American politics — and the result (in the person of Dodd) is likely to be with us for some time to come.

The Governor of Connecticut was the popular Abraham Ribicoff, running for re-election and almost certain to win. His campaign head and right-hand man was John Bailey, now Democratic National Chairman and at the time the controlling figure in the State Democratic organization. A primary law had been passed which provided that any candidate with more than 20 per cent of delegate strength to the state party convention could throw the nominations open to a state-wide popular vote within the party. Dodd, who had opposed the passage of the law, was the only one with the "ungentlemanly" willingness to threaten to use it. Democratic leaders, who felt they had a sure winner in Ribicoff, feared a damaging open primary above all.

Dodd went into the hinterlands of Connecticut and campaigned quietly, but with a vigor still looked upon with awe in Hartford. His opponents, Benton and Bowles, failed to keep pace. Benton was a distinctly controversial figure. He had been identified with anti-McCarthyism and had been attacked by McCarthy himself —a fact considered to be a distinct political liability in a state 55 per cent Catholic. While many of the delegates had great respect for Benton, most felt he would not make a good candidate to run beside the Governor.

Bowles, though strong and popular, was also controversial. Some Catholic priests had intimated publicly that he was anti-Catholic. As Governor, he had antagonized several important elements in the state (for instance, the liquor industry believed he wanted to introduce state-owned package stores). Further, as Governor, Bowles had chosen Benton over Bailey as interim Senator following the death of Senator Brian McMahon. Bailey is not a man to hold grudges, but it is clear to see that the marbles were now in his, not Bowles's, pocket.

A variety of reasons for the Dodd choice emerge. First, in predominantly Catholic Connecticut the professional politicians considered it wise to run a Catholic alongside Ribicoff, a Jew. Second, Dodd had delegate strength at least equal to Bowles, and was the only man willing to force an open primary, if necessary. This would have split the state party, probably forcing Bailey and Ribicoff to commit themselves openly for a Senatorial candidate. Moreover, Dodd was considered an organizational maverick who would prove troublesome if not nominated, while Bowles and Benton were considered gentlemen who would agree to the decision and play by the political rules. Third, Dodd was the safe, non-controversial candidate and the Democrats wanted to force the Republicans to run against their strong man, Ribicoff. Dodd had the support of the powerful Katharine Quinn, chairman of the State Central Committee and queen of Connecticut Democratic politics. In the light of all this the choice of Dodd, the unknown, must seem logical.

The logic remains convincing when one examines the election results. Dodd managed to win, true; but he was second to low man on the victorious Democratic ticket with some 50,000 fewer votes than Ribicoff. Thus, supposedly, he could not challenge the Bailey-Ribicoff party domination.

Yet the logic seems less convincing in view of the fact that Dodd continues his maverick tendencies, meanwhile growing in power and influence. He and Bailey smile at each other in public, but it is reliably reported that there has been some bad blood between them.

In the first place, a Bailey man was assigned to Dodd as chauffeur during the 1958 campaign. This man, Jim Casey, a former mayor of Winsted, denies that he was an organization "plant" in the Dodd camp. However, one highly placed Democrat told me that it was Casey's job to report directly to Bailey on the Dodd campaign. Second, Bailey and Dodd have disagreed strongly over patronage. Dodd was not present at a meeting of party leaders in a New Haven restaurant in the summer of 1961 which dealt with the dispensing of federal jobs. Dodd was angry when he found that some of his choices had not been approved and, in fact, insisted that his invitation to the meeting had not been according to protocol.

IN THE Fall of 1961, the Senator had a testimonial dinner given for him — a rare event in an off-election year. The dinner was inspired and organized by a circle of Dodd's friends in the state and from his office. The Democratic State Central Committee had very little to do with the affair and many regular Democrats grumbled and wondered why a fund-raising dinner should be given at such an odd time. Celebrities galore attended, including Ribicoff and Bailey and, of course, Lyndon Johnson, who flew to Hartford especially for the occasion. It is probable that Ribicoff, already preparing himself for his Senate fling, wanted to placate the headstrong Dodd. The money collected through the dinner was to be used by Dodd — whether for past debts or future adventures is uncertain. I asked the Senator why he had had the dinner and he stated simply that a man could have a testimonial dinner whenever he liked.

It is not strange that Dodd's friend Lyndon Johnson was present. As indicated earlier, when Dodd got

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Senate in 1959, he was given an impressive range of committee assignments by Johnson. Subsequently Dodd, who has never been accused of disloyalty to a friend, supported Johnson for the Presidency (a fact which further indicates the cleavage between Dodd and the regular Democrats of Connecticut, who backed Kennedy).

There are several good reasons for Dodd to have backed Johnson instead of his co-religionist, Kennedy:

¶Dodd apparently likes and respects Johnson. Like many other Senators, he probably thought Johnson would make a better President.

¶He undoubtedly wanted to pay Johnson back for the committee assignments.

¶As a Catholic, Dodd already had the Connecticut Catholic vote. Bailey and Ribicoff could gain politically by supporting a Catholic candidate. Dodd couldn't.

¶On the other hand, if Johnson won, Dodd could conceivably benefit greatly as the lone prominent Catholic Easterner to have supported the Texas Protestant. Would this not make him a prime choice for bigger things? Perhaps a Cabinet post? Perhaps even the Vice Presidency?

The last possibility is one that bears watching in 1968. Dodd at fifty-five is still relatively young, and in the event a Western Protestant gets the nomination in '68, the conservative Catholic from the Northeast may be in a fortunate spot.

IN THE Senate, Dodd has pursued his contradictory ways with remarkable vigor and with good help from the newspapers. He has a talent both for squeezing his committee assignments for every drop of political benefit and for getting headlines — even though the headlines sometimes do not bear the slightest resemblance to Dodd's statements.

The Rightist press — especially the New York *Journal-American* — has more than once made Dodd look like a fool (at times when he wasn't). When there was a wave of anti-Semitic incidents in the Western world in early 1960, Dodd took to the Senate floor and made a speech. The *Journal-American's* lead read:

> Sen. Dodd today accused the Soviet Union of touching off the recent world-wide wave of anti-Semitic incidents.

Dodd had said nothing so asinine. Rather, he had contrasted the behavior of irresponsible Western delinquents with Soviet anti-Semitism "perpetrated, or else instigated, by the Soviet State itself. . . ." To my knowledge the Senator never made an effort to correct the *Journal-American's* "hot" anti-Communist headline — and thus could profit from whatever political capital it might yield him.

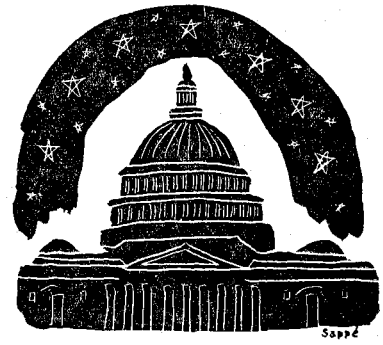
THE PATTERN holds true for the Katanga affair: in this, either the Senator or the entire press could be faulted for inaccuracy or vagueness. The Senator was popularly identified with "Citizens for Katanga" and an independent Katanga. The Senator now says, in the light of recent successful U.N. administration in the Congo, that he never did back an independent Katanga and was only bitterly critical of U.N. police action — no more. In fact, he says, while visiting Katanga he attempted to get Tshombe and Adoula together, not to separate them. A careful check of the record reveals that Dodd did say that Katanga had "a moral right" to secede if it wanted to. This was equivocal enough to allow him to shift back to a pro-U.N. position if circumstances warranted. Circumstances seem to have so warranted.

Clearly, Dodd does not bother to correct any statement which exaggerates his anti-communism. He gets what political mileage he can out of it with what is a largely Catholic and conservative constituency. Then, later, he can deny to the liberal elements of his constituency that he was "extreme" in his position.

On the positive side of his Senate record, Dodd last year introduced a bill for relief funds for desegregated school systems whose normal revenue sources had been deliberately cut off. He is also virtually the only federal legislator in recent times who has a constructive program for Washington, D.C. This is the kind of cause that does not help an elected official in his home state, and Dodd deserves all the more credit for it. *The Washington Post*, which only a month earlier had severely criticized the Senator, gave him and his D.C. proposals a seven-part series plus two warm editorials last April. The Dodd proposals called for more money for Washington, for both law enforcement and job-training for youth.

In March, 1962, Sen. Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) took to the Senate floor and praised Dodd:

> In recent months there appears to have been an attempt by some to label our colleague, Tom Dodd of Connecticut, as somehow being a very conservative, or even a reactionary, person. . . .
>
> I think the public should know that Senator Dodd's domestic voting



> record is one of strong support for liberal and progressive causes, and that his opposition to communism is one based on the facts as he sees them and not on indiscriminate attacks on the innocent. As I have said, he, in fact, to my personal knowledge, has actually helped the innocent who have been unfairly accused by extremists.

DODD'S respect for the law and the legal processes has been fairly evident throughout his career. After a thorough examination of the record, I do not think he can in any way be charged wih McCarthy-like smearing. Yet he has run into difficulty with his committee investigations. These seem mostly to have revolved about his vice chairmanship of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee. The position is the old McCarran post, and whoever gets the job is likely to be watched closely.

Chairman of the committee is Senator Eastland (D., Miss.) and one must wonder why "Jungle Jim" — as he is called — rarely gets the headlines. Could it be that Eastland leaves the prickly witnesses to his

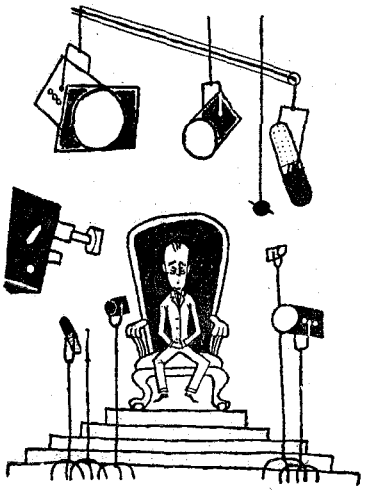
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vice chairman, using Dodd for his own purposes? At least one informed person close to Dodd believes this to be so. Dodd, for all his strong "anti-communism," must answer to an important liberal constituency at home and he knows it. He does not want to be labeled another McCarthy.

WHILE Dodd does not legally misuse committee power, he has a very broad conception of it. And he has used the power to attack political positions with which he does not agree. He is particularly hostile to those who would put conscience above law. The Pauling and Tynan incidents show the lengths to which Dodd, as investigator, will sometimes go.

Linus Pauling, called before the committee, refused to tell who had helped him circulate his petitions against nuclear testing in 1958. From the witness' point of view, it was a matter of elementary decency to protect those who had worked with him from irrelevant exposure — and none of the Senator's business. By the end of the hearing, it was clear that, in the words of University of Chicago law professor Harry Kalven, Jr., the whole thing was "a determined effort to show that the petition was Communist propaganda." In essence, the Senator was attacking a political position — i.e., opposition to nuclear testing — by calling a proponent of the position before the committee.

The Kenneth Tynan case makes the Dodd position clearer. Tynan was ostensibly called before the committee for signing a Fair Play for Cuba Committee advertisement. Dodd, who indicated he had evidence as to the doubtful political past of some of those backing F.P.F.C., said that Tynan, a British journalist and drama critic, "was engaging with American citizens and with an American organization in a political pressure action vis-à-vis the American government."



A few months before, Tynan had produced a program for the Associated Television Network in England entitled *What's Wrong With America?* The program had featured interviews with such diverse political personalities as Norman Cousins, Norman Thomas, Jules Feiffer, Norman Mailer, Dalton Trumbo, Alger Hiss and Robert Hutchins, as well as Clinton Jencks, a former official of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, which had been expelled from the C.I.O. in 1950.

Dodd was critical of the choice of some of the men who had participated in the show (excluding Thomas, Hutchins and his old friend Cousins) and, writing in *Harper's*, said it was necessary to distinguish between "legitimate dissenters" and Communists and pro-Communist dupes and "perverts." Tynan answered by writing: "The truth is I cannot understand what the Senator means by 'legitimate dissent.' It looks as if he means safe, uncontroversial dissent; which by my definition is not dissent at all."

In the "legitimate" vs. "illegitimate" dissent argument made by Dodd, the ambiguities about him begin to clear up. For the Senator, America is something like an Established Church — and while it is permissible to dispute the number of angels on a pinhead, it is heresy to dispute the existence of God or the authority of His Church.

THE SANE incident [see "The Ordeal of SANE," by Barbara Deming, *The Nation*, March 11, 1961] further demonstrates the Dodd technique of political opposition. Dodd was unalterably opposed to SANE's policies and he had evidence that there were certain Communists or pro-Communists in the organization. Three days before a big SANE Madison Square Garden rally, Dodd telephoned Norman Cousins, his old friend and SANE national chairman. (Cousins had been national chairman of United World Federalists while Dodd was Connecticut state chairman.) Dodd told Cousins the nature of the information; Cousins persuaded Dodd to hold up the release of the names until after the rally and to permit SANE time to clear its own house. Dodd says he did not agree at any time to kill the announcement and Cousins backs him up on this.

Cousins, in effect, then instituted loyalty-oath proceedings within SANE in an attempt to purge the organization of Communists. The episode revolved around Henry Abrams, a former member of the American Labor Party. Cousins met with the executive committee of SANE and Cousins relates he asked Abrams:

"Henry, are you or are you not a Communist?"

Abrams replied, "I have done nothing to harm SANE."

Cousins said, "I'll lay down my life for you if it's not true (figuratively speaking). Just tell the truth."

Abrams would only repeat his first reply. Abrams was then suspended and the New York chapter, with which Abrams was affiliated, broke away from the national body.

Dodd's role in the SANE case was simple enough. He was the Devil's Advocate who had pointed out why SANE had failed to qualify for national sainthood — and, in so doing, had garnered some political profit for himself.

THE Senator is not a new anti-Communist. He was among the first to attack the Camp David spirit. He was among the most prominent critics of the nuclear test-ban policies of the Eisenhower administration. He has remained alarmed at all times that we might make peace with the Russians. In 1959, after the U-2 incident, the Senator was delighted that there had been no reconciliation with evil. When the Paris Summit Conference broke up and industrialist Cyrus Eaton spoke briefly to Khrushchev at Orly Airport in Paris, Dodd was outraged and immediately called for an investigation to determine if Eaton had violated the Logan Act, which forbids individuals to deal with foreign governments. (Perhaps Dodd

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a bit hasty in this. His trip to the Congo in 1961—arranged by the Katanga Information Service and paid for, strangely, by the Internal Security subcommittee and not the African subcommittee of which Dodd is a member—severely hindered the work of the U. S. Ambassador to the Congo, Edmond Gullion. Perhaps Dodd himself had violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the Logan Act.)

The Dodd *Weltanschauung* becomes even clearer when we examine some of his more recent policy pronouncements. Communist propaganda, he insists, is at the root of the entire agitation for the annexation of West Guinea by Indonesia. About the proposed deal for admitting Mauritania into the U. N. in exchange for Outer Mongolia, he said, "Each time we submit to such blackmail we lose something of our own integrity and the United Nations loses something of its affirmative meaning." Concerning the admission of Red China to the U. N., the Senator declared:

> Red China stands guilty of so many crimes against humanity that it is preposterous that this criminal regime should even be considered for membership in the United Nations. If the U.N. should ever seat the representatives of this criminal regime, *it would be tantamount to going over a moral precipice.* [Emphasis added.]

In the face of the inscrutable, evil and monolithic enemy, the Communists, Dodd says, we have no choice but to act first in our own interests. We must not play by the rules of the game when the Russians don't:

> We have been losing the cold war because we have failed to understand its total character, partly because we have been amateurs fighting against professionals. The Soviets have been winning the cold war because they have from the beginning accepted it as total war.

We must, the Senator insists, have a Freedom Academy which will "develop a science of counteraction against Communist subversion" and train Americans and others in the science of total warfare. (This is one of his favorite proposals.) We must also forego our "rigid, blindly Utopian attitude" towards the U. N. and use the world body as an instrument of a power policy when necessary:

> The United States and its allies must reserve for themselves precisely the same freedom of action as Khrushchev and Nehru have claimed for themselves when they felt their own interests were directly involved.

To attack the devil we must adopt the ways of the devil. Yet—despite the fact that we are in a Holy War—the Senator admits that we are ourselves not exactly angels. Speaking at a police communion breakfast in New York recently, Senator Dodd called our society "sick and twisted":

> One of the gravest indications of this sickness and distortion is a lack of self-discipline on the part of more and more Americans; and I see in this not merely a cause of crime but a threat to the very survival of free government. . . .
>
> I am convinced that the basic cause of the breakdown in self-discipline and moral conduct which is sweeping across the nation is the declining role of the three fundamental institutions of our society: the family, the school, and the church.

One begins to wonder exactly whose devil we are fighting—that within ourselves or that one over there across the Atlantic?

I quote further from one of the prominent Connecticut Democrats cited earlier:

> [Dodd] feels out of the stream of things with his neo-orthodox Catholic approach. Simultaneously, he recognizes the political benefits of believing what he does. Above all, he has natural political instincts and he's able to reinforce these with political footwork.

Senator Dodd, in the last analysis, becomes predictable. He is not the average right-winger in that he is not a neo-romantic in search of lost values. We have values, he says, and we must protect ourselves from their dissolution. The Senator would even respect certain forms of social democracy—and certain social democrats like Norman Thomas. Yet he would justify becoming more authoritarian, adapting, to an extent, the ways of the enemy.

In the Senator's terms, even if ours is a tolerant Church and is beset by sickness, ours is nevertheless the True Church; and he relishes the idea of finding and purging those dirty heretics.

SIX PILES OF SALT . . *by Sol Biderman*

ON THE NIGHT of St. Lucy, December 12, many peasants in the parched backlands of Northeast Brazil still perform a traditional ritual with salt. Before going to sleep in their hammocks, they place six small piles of salt in a row outside the doors of their huts. If, in the morning, the first pile has dissolved in the dew, this augurs rain in the month of January. If the second lump is soggy with moisture, there will be rain in February. If all six lumps are damp or dissolved, rain will fall during the six months of the so-called "rainy season."

If this "irrefutable" proof is refuted by an absence of precipitation, the peasants of the *sertao,* the dry backlands, wait for the prophecy of St. Joseph's Day, March 19. If rain falls on that day, the remainder of the rainy season is expected to live up to its name. But if the sun shines, the drought will be prolonged. Whether the Brazilian Government believes this superstition or not, the Federal Department of Works Against the Drought (DNOCS) waited until a sunny St. Joseph's

---

SOL BIDERMAN, who was a Fulbright fellow at the University of Brazil, has been Latin American correspondent for several U.S. newspapers.

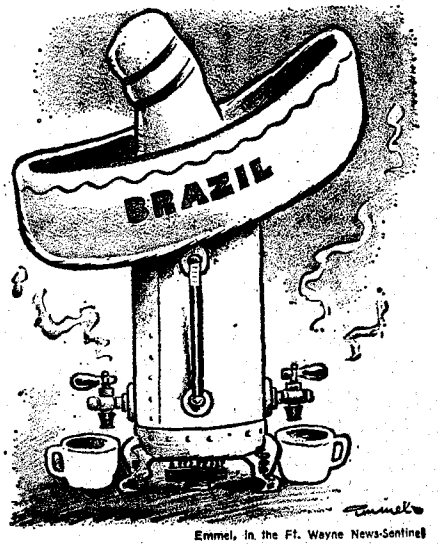
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Day in 1958 to declare a state of emergency in the drought-stricken Northeast. DNOCS provided employment for 500,000 peasants on shoddily constructed dams and irrigation projects in the interior to prevent their flooding into the coastal cities.

The Northeast interior is often referred to as "the flagellated land." It is a land lashed by cyclical droughts—thirteen in the nineteenth century alone, the worst in 1877-79, in which 180,000 persons in the state of Ceará died from starvation and a concomitant smallpox epidemic. During the drought of 1915 in the same state, an estimated 30,000 people died of starvation. In 1958, an Army officer stationed in the Northeast interior issued a report describing peasants dying of hunger upon the roads. Most of the emergency foods and funds destined for relief in the region by the Brazilian Government never reached the peasants because of widespread graft. At the present time, a drought which has lasted nearly two years is devastating the interior of the states of Bahia, Ceará, Piauí and Pernambuco. Drought victims looted food stores in the local towns and more than 40,000 refugees sought transportation to Salvador, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, where they hoped to find food and work. Of the 194 counties in the state of Bahia, 110 were without water, and the state possessed only fifty-six trucks to transport water from the coast to the interior.

DESPITE the rigors of the drought, the greatest scourge upon the land is caused by man, not nature. Man has established and maintained until the present day invidious forms of human exploitation that differ little from the feudal ages. There are various terms which specify the several degrees of bondage between peasant and landowner. There is the *meeiro,* or sharecropper, who is given no monetary pay, but plants and harvests the landowner's cotton crop, receiving half the crop as remuneration, as well as the right to plant subsistence crops (manioc and corn) on a small plot of land. When the drought comes, his cash crop (cotton) and his food crops fail and he is forced to flee to the coast. The *condiceiro* is given a small plot of land, generally one-half acre, and is allowed to stay there on the "condition" he work only for his master, who pays him the equivalent of 30 cents a day. The *foreiro* is a tenant farmer who pays rent in hard currency. Frequently, however, the landowner insists the tenant pay rent in the form of labor, working one, two, three or four days a week on the owner's piece of land. This is called *cambao.*

The case of one peasant named José Daniel on the Galilea sugar plantation in the humid zone of Per-



Emmel, in the Ft. Wayne News-Sentinel

"Which spigot — Right or Left?"

nambuco is not uncommon in that region. His plight was described by a noted Brazilian editor, Antonio Callado. Four days a week, from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M., José Daniel worked on his master's sugar field under the keen eye of a rifle-toting overseer. In return, Daniel was given the right to farm a piece of land two and one-half acres in size. If the landowner had paid Daniel the minimum wage in Pernambuco, which was 100 *cruzeiros* (25 U.S. cents) a day, within one year he could have bought that piece of land (valued at 10,000 to 15,000 *cruzeiros*) twice over. One day he was fired from his job for having sucked a piece of sugar cane on the owner's plantation.

IT WAS at the Galilea plantation where the first Peasant League was formed. Five years ago, the tenants banded together to pay the rent of those of their confreres who could not scrape up sufficient money, due to crop failure or illness. When the landowner threatened to evict them for organizing into a group (although it was to his economic benefit), the peasants sought out a young lawyer named Francisco Juliao in Recife. He defended the peasants in court, and threatened to lead them in a revolt against the landowner. In 1959, in order to avoid violence, the Pernambuco state government expropriated the land and allowed the peasants to remain. Needless to say, this fear of Juliao's power by the state significantly enhanced his prestige. The Socialist state deputy of Pernambuco claims that the Peasant Leagues have 50,000 members throughout the Northeast, although this figure may be called into question.

One reason why thousands of peasants join the leagues is the existence of affiliated burial societies, to which they contribute a few *cruzeiros* every month and which guarantee them a solid wooden box — instead of a paper shroud—and a burial plot. "These people save for their death," Juliao said. "That is their only retirement."

THE FUNCTION of the Peasant Leagues, according to Juliao, is "to give the peasants a political consciousness, and to work for their economic emancipation." He also remarked to me in an interview in Recife, "The Brazilian peasant has yet to make the French Revolution." Juliao has traveled to China and Russia and can be counted on being in Havana nearly every July 26 and May 1, the anniversary of the Cuban Revolution and May Day. He strongly admires Fidel Castro, but believes social and land reform in Brazil can be achieved without the violence of the Cuban revolt.

Paradoxically, the power of Juliao is underrated in his home country and overrated abroad. Many Brazilian politicians and government officials, especially those of the Northeast, consider him no more than a small-time politician who is exploiting for personal glory the issue of land reform and peasants' rights. They point out that, since most peasants, being illiterate, can't vote under Brazilian law, Juliao

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cannot get much political mileage out of them. But the U. S. press has painted Juliao as a potentially more dangerous revolutionary leader than Fidel Castro. The truth is that he has neither Fidel's charisma nor his capacity for violence. (Juliao, like most well-bred Brazilians, is of a much more peaceful nature than the volatile Spanish-speaking peoples of the Caribbean region.) Some U.S. newspapers have expressed fear that he would march with his peasants into Brasilia and overthrow the government. This is just as likely to happen as the Okies were likely to have marched on Washington and overthrown the government in the late thirties. For the past three years, Juliao has been saying, "One of these days, I'm going to get 50,000 peasants together in a demonstration in Recife." He is still just talking about it.

Nevertheless, Juliao has succeeded in focusing the attention of Brazil and the rest of the world upon the plight of the peasant, whose poverty can be compared only to the worst conditions in Asia. It is because of Juliao and his Peasant Leagues that the United States is now taking an interest in the development of the region.

The peasants themselves are waking from a sleep of centuries. They are discovering that there is someone interested in their welfare. On some of the plantations, the farm workers have become accustomed to being interviewed and photographed by journalists and cameramen from all over the world. The troubadors who wander from fair to fair used to sing verses about the notorious *cangaceiro* (outlaw) Lampiao and his beloved Maria Bonita. Now, songs such as the following are circulating through the *sertao*:

> The sugar that we sell
> To capitalist America
> Is used to sweeten the food
> Of Generalissimo Franco.
> Our sugar should sweeten the wine
> Of the Socialist world....
> Let us sell our coffee to the China
> Where there is no Chiang Kai-shek.

IF JULIAO represents the hopes of the Left in the Northeast, the aspirations of the moderates lie in Celso Furtado, director of the Superintendency of the Northeast (SUDENE). The agency was created in 1959 as a federal commission empowered to develop agriculture and industry in the region and to build dams, roads, power projects and other public works.

The most serious problem Brazil faces today is the growing disparity between the Northeast and the Center-South, which includes Rio de Janeiro and the Sao Paulo industrial park. The Northeast contains more than one-third of Brazil's population, but produces only 3.7 per cent of the net value of industrial goods, 7 per cent of agriculture, and 8.8 per cent of cattle. In 1939, the Northeast produced 30 per cent of the gross national product; today, it produces only 11 per cent. The annual per capita income of the Northeasterner is $96, as compared to $303 of the Center-South. The minimum wage in Recife is 25 per cent lower than that of Sao Paulo, yet the cost of living in Recife is 25 per cent higher.

Among the SUDENE projects to develop the Northeast are: diverting some sugar lands to staple food production; encouraging industry by offering special conveniences, tax exemptions and plentiful electricity; and colonizing water-plentiful areas in Maranhao and the Sao Francisco Valley.

MOST of the best land in the Northeast has been dedicated to sugar cane; consequently, there has been a scarcity of staple foods for the past three centuries. The situation takes on catastrophic proportions when the staples-producing areas are hit by drought. In the drought of 1958, the production of rice in the State of Ceará declined 82 per cent from the year before; beans, 86 per cent; corn, 83 per cent; and manioc, 31 per cent. In that year, according to a SUDENE report, one-half of the people in the semi-arid zone were reduced to beggary.

According to Furtado, it would be folly to attempt to improve the conditions of the Northeasterner merely by increasing the food supply. "Unless there is a considerable decrease of prices," he says, "the people will not have the money to buy the food." The solution, as he sees it, is industrialization, which will increase the buying power of the urban masses. He also seeks to improve food distribution. In 1959, the state of Maranhao produced five million sacks of rice, much of which went to waste because of inadequate distribution facilities.

FURTADO is basically opposed to any type of agrarian reform which would parcel productive *latifundios* (large landholdings) into unproductive *minifundios*. Brazilian Joao Goulart took a similar position in a speech before the Rural Conference in Rio de Janeiro, a few months ago. According to the land-reform bill presented to Congress by Goulart, the state may expropriate unproductive lands and pay the value of the properties as assessed for tax purposes. (In Brazil, as in many parts of Latin America, landowners under-assess their holdings to avoid paying higher taxes.) In the interest of the public welfare, the government may also occupy land "temporarily," up to a period of ten years, during which time the owner would receive 6 per cent of the assessed land value. There is little hope the bill will be passed by Congress this year, as the Congressmen are politicking in their home states for the October elections, and it is difficult to get a quorum in Brasilia. Mild as the bill is, it will face formidable opposition once Congress tackles it.

The United States, in offering Alliance for Progress funds, has insisted that agrarian-reform measures be taken as a condition. Washington has already committed $131 million to the SUDENE program, but this money is not contingent upon passage of the agrarian-reform bill. SUDENE has already begun a resettlement program in which, eventually, a million peasants will be given land in the humid state of Maranhao. Some American observers believe that SUDENE is the key to the success or failure of the whole Alliance for Progress concept. Among them is Merwyn Bohan, the United States' special ambassador for the development of the Northeast region, who has been working alongside Furtado in the SUDENE headquarters in Recife.

The Brazilian Government has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allocated $145 million dollars to SUDENE development; on the other hand, it shows no quarter to Juliao's Peasant Leagues. Last year, during the seven-month administration of former President Janio Quadros (who resigned due to pressure against his neutralist and, at times, leftist foreign policy), the military began to provide arms to the reactionary landholders of the Northeast, fearful of a peasant uprising. Last month, when the *capangas* (hired gunmen) of a landholder killed a Peasant League leader in Sapé, Paraiba, federal troops forcefully disarmed the peasants, equipped with a few museum-piece shotguns, but allowed the landowner and his men to keep their weapons.

This is the Brazilian Northeast, a land of poverty and disease, where the average life span is twenty-eight years for men and thirty-two for women, where the infant mortality rate is 40 per cent. (In one town in the state of Paraiba, in 1959, 150 births were recorded and an equal number of infant deaths.) It is a land that has suffered four centuries of human exploitation. Will there be reform or will there be revolution? Perhaps the experiment of the six piles of salt should be repeated, this time to see if, in the morning, the salt is dissolved in blood.

THE OGRESS in the Office . . *by Eve Merriam*

THE TERM "career woman," while descriptive, is generally taken nowadays for an epithet. As in earlier eras, the Fallen Woman was more to be scorned than pitied, today it is the Risen Woman who meets with our severest glance. If we could raze her, we would.

Why is the female with the job on top so widely disliked? To remark of someone that "she's a career woman" immediately conjures up a horror. It is not the old stereotype of Susan Spinster in the dun-brown suit, mannish shirt, flat-heeled oxfords, hair tied back in a bun and horn-rimmed spectacles. Today's image is more likely to be the exact opposite: her hair is bleached platina blonde or sable black; her neckline is plungingly *décolleté*; her false eyelashes, false fingernails, and mascara are all artfully applied; her heels are needle-thin high spikes. If the old-fashioned career woman was Grandma, the new style one is clearly the wolf.

Her prototype is Lauren Bacall in the film of a few years back called *Designing Woman*: an interior decorator, she lived in a cold-hearted penthouse with wire mobiles and abstract paintings and despised her warm-hearted husband. Sometimes she is Doris Day, whose soaring energy makes groundlings of Glenn and Titov, and who is out to get her man in order to get the 15 per cent commission on the account. We meet her not only in films, but on television, in magazines, in novels where she gets the best of everything, and alas, we meet her all too often in real life.

It should be made clear that when I refer to career women, I am not using the mass-media definition whereby every woman who does any kind of work outside the home—from standing behind a five-and-ten counter to plugging a switchboard—is classified as a "career girl." That term is a double fraud, since most women who work are a generation, at least, past girlhood (their average age is forty) and they do not have the opportunities for advancement or personal satisfaction that a career affords. By career I mean women in the professions, in the arts and sciences, and at quasi-responsible levels of government, business and industry (which is the closest to the top they have yet risen).

WHAT are the outstanding charges against the career woman? First and foremost, that she neglects her husband, home and family; that she is out drinking dry martinis when she should be home swinging a wet mop; and that, instead of helping Junior with his homework, she is boning up herself on how to succeed in business without really dying. She sacrifices health, happiness and every human relation for the sake of a higher tax bracket. Her theme song is that of *Annie Get Your Gun*; anything a man can do, she thinks she can do better—and she is a more vicious sharpshooter than Annie ever was.

The second charge is that it is impossible to get along with her on the job, because she insists on having her cake and eating it: asking to be treated as an equal in the world of men, she nevertheless sneaks in feminine curves. She complains that a man will not stand up to give her a seat in the subway—when she has already edged him out of his promotion at the office.

Third, so goes the charge, it is impossible to get along with her off the job, for she would castrate every man if she could. Sexy on the outside, frigid on the inside, she is the Abominable Snow Woman.

Men are obstacles in her path to be steam-rollered out of the way. At the same time, she despises her own sex. According to her, women are inferior creatures; she is the rule-proving exception. For she is operating in a male-supremacist ambience, and she finds it prudent to take on protective coloration. Thus she scorns, "I wouldn't work for a female for anything. They're the worst kind to deal with—unstable emotionally, ready to burst into tears at the slightest criticism, they're flighty, they gossip, they have no head for the practical world of business."

Men don't like her. Other women don't like her. Nobody likes her. She's uppity, she's bossy, she wants to wear the pants in the family. All

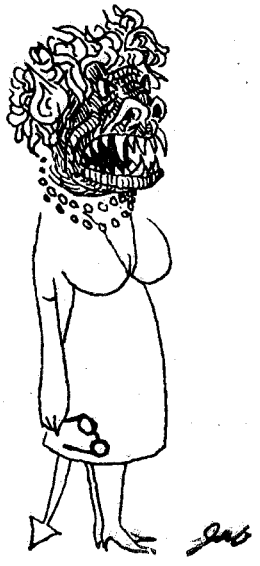
EVE MERRIAM is the author of Figleaf: The Business of Being in Fashion *(J. B. Lippincott) and of many articles on the war between the sexes.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of these complaints are echoed over and over, and unfortunately they are legitimate complaints.

So there she is, portrait of a non-lady. If KoKo were to bring up to date his little list, she would undoubtedly head those who would not be missed. And in a national poll of the person one would choose to be cast away with on a desert island, she would in all likelihood rank last. It is a pretty horrendous character she represents, and in many ways it is realistic. This creature exists; she is not legendary. All of us, from our own personal acquaintanceship, can fill in the crude strokes of the portrait with more unpleasant details: the case of the leading lady who slept her way to stardom; the case of the prominent doctor who delighted to have her husband known as Mr. Jane Doe; the case of the department store executive who ducked out of making decisions by pleading that she was pre-menstrual, menstrual or post-menstrual; the case of the magazine picture editor who gloated that she earned more money in a month than her documentary film-producing husband earned all year.

FOR EVERY decent career woman there seem to spring up at least two dragon-toothed ones. And, the more that women enter higher fields, the worse the situation becomes. It appears as an odd paradox. In earlier times, when there was so much discrimination against women in public life, one could understand that the pioneers might have to take on disagreeable characteristics in order to pursue their goals; they had to be determined, egotistic, hard and tough battlers. They were faced with such formidable opposition that they often had to renounce their femininity in order to make any headway into the male market place.



Those craggy times, however, have been leveled. Struggling up from the bottom, we have now a vast plateau of women who have arrived. They are free (almost) to pursue whatever they choose, as their increasing numbers prove. Yet instead of relaxing and trying to recoup some of their lost gentleness, what do we find? That they have emboldened their aggressiveness.

By and large, today's career women *are* demanding, assertive, conniving. When they cannot make their way through a head-on clash, they use indirect tactics. Taking up the pose of the weak little sisterhood minority, they deplore lowered wages for women and social discrimination against their sex. Simultaneously, they take advantage of their position by using sex as a weapon. They complain that the boss wants to chase them around the conference table; however, they are insulted when the expected pass is not forthcoming. Pity the poor man in their midst who is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't.

Obviously, these gimme-grabbers have surrendered their sweet nature for a potted message of feminism. *Or has the job forcibly wrested it from them?* Let us re-examine the charges against them and see whether these careerists really do represent woman's inhumanity to man.

CHARGE 1: *career women neglect their homes and families.* True; so do career men, as *Newsweek* editor Osborn Elliott documented thoroughly in *Men at the Top*, a study of America's leading executives. The lack of time spent with their families is a recurring theme in these men's biographies. The fact is unsurprising. It is obvious that for one to get ahead, something's got to give, and under our private-enterprise system it's the private home life that is expendable. "Home, sweet home" is a pretty pink-and-

blue cross-stitched sampler to hang in the hallway; a more appropriate motto would be that found in the ruins of Pompeii. Chiseled in the entrance of a businessman's house was the cheery greeting "Welcome Profits!"

Career women do neglect their homes, but we do not need psychological depth studies to figure out why—to ponder whether parents were over-permissive or over-strict, whether sex education and vitamins were properly doled out. We abide by money standards, and a woman's career is judged to be successful if she makes money at it. Career women neglect their homes because the making of money cannot be a part-time, leisurely pursuit; it has to be full-time — regardless of sex, creed, color, or country of origin.

Charge 2: *career women are cold and cunning and castrate men.* But what of their male counterparts who must step on the body below in order to reach a higher rung of the ladder? The man who makes it to the top is not friendly, lovable little Mickey Mouse; he is Brother Rat.

Charge 3: *career women use their sex as a weapon.* Is this more reprehensible than a business organization that uses call girls as a lagniappe? Or, using the steam room, old university tie, or golf course to promote an inside track? A gentle mien may attract an old-fashioned suitor, but it is the brassy come-on that leads to business reorders. In the succinct words of C. Allen Harlan, president of the Harlan Electrical Company of Detroit and president, director or part-owner of fifteen af-

(Continued on page 564)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Triumph of Francis Parkman

FRANCIS PARKMAN. By Howard Doughty. The Macmillan Co. 414 pp. $6.50.

Vivian Mercier

HONESTLY, you Americans don't deserve some of your greatest writers. When I complained to an editor of a recent college anthology in American Literature that he and his collaborator had left out Francis Parkman, he replied casually, "Well, you can't put *everybody* in." At the moment, only two of Parkman's nine important books can be obtained in paperback: the inescapable *Oregon Trail* and *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* (under a pointlessly altered title). Fortunately, Collier Books are soon to publish two more of the "France and England in North America" series, plus *The Conspiracy of Pontiac,* all with introductions by Samuel Eliot Morison. Let us hope that all seven books of the series will soon be inexpensively available. A great deal has been written *about* Parkman by Mason Wade and others during the past twenty years, and his complete *Journals* and *Letters* have been published; the time has come for a new audience to read the works that made him famous.

I'm only an opinionated Irishman, of course, but for me the three most exciting American writers of the nineteenth century are Melville, Whitman and Parkman. No one else, Mark Twain included, seems big enough to match the size of the country and the speed at which it was changing. Reading Howard Doughty's chapter on *The Oregon Trail,* I learned with surprise that specialists in the history of the West now downgrade that book because Parkman did not fully sympathize with, or even appreciate the full importance of, the drive westward. But after all, no historian can write objectively about a series of events that is still in progress. Parkman's chief aims in visiting the West were, on the one hand, to satisfy his yearning to share the life of "wild" Indians while there was yet time and, on the other, to learn about frontier life on the spot in preparation for his books on the French and English pioneers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He had already, by the way, learned about monastic life at first hand during a "retreat" at a Passionist monastery in Rome; a man of action turned historian, he was never content with an exclusive diet of paper.

Howard Doughty justly remarks that the fact that *The Oregon Trail* is by far Parkman's best-known book is "a situation much as if Melville should figure for us almost exclusively as the author of *Typee* or *Omoo.*" He might have added that Melville did so figure for the better part of a century, until a more intelligent view was initiated by Raymond Weaver. Analogies with Melville can be misleading, however, for Parkman was not jolted into becoming a writer by his Western experience as Melville was by his South Seas adventures. Parkman knew exactly what he wanted to do from the age of eighteen; having sought living "documentation" for his *magnum opus,* he probably never intended to make a book of his experiences in the West until further research on his major project was temporarily halted by illness.

BECAUSE he possessed the education, wealth and social position—above all, the education—that Melville and Whitman lacked, Parkman found it easy to make an early start on his lifework. Nevertheless, these very advantages could all too easily have diverted him into dilettantism, had it not been for the onset of a lifelong illness that made writing the only career possible for him—and even that impossible for a man less iron-willed. Milton's struggle to write *Paradise Lost* seems puny beside Parkman's fantastic battle to subdue mountains of original research while often unable to walk, let alone to read. Throughout his historical labors, he could never read continuously for more than five minutes at a time; once, after the deaths of his wife and son, he had to abandon his work altogether for four years.

What was the nature of Parkman's illness? Mr. Doughty does not attempt to psychoanalyze Parkman, but he does hint, as others have done before him, that the symptoms had a psychosomatic origin. Fashions change in these matters; in 1900, Charles Haight Farnham put the blame on heredity. The legend of Parkman's colossal—almost Proustian—neurosis has probably lost him more readers than it has gained him, because those who admire the neurotic must soon recoil from Parkman's limpid, logical, profoundly healthy style and outlook.

No, Parkman's baffling symptoms were not psychosomatic. My wife, who suffers from multiple sclerosis, is convinced that Parkman's "enemy," as he called it, was the same disease. The eye affliction, the crippled leg, the "whirl" in the brain, the insomnia, the hyperesthesia are all too familiar to her, as to me at second hand. That Parkman accomplished a life's work of which few healthy scholars would have been capable, while at the same time coping with the cat-and-mouse tactics of this most frustrating and demoralizing disease, makes him for me one of the noblest figures in the history of letters.

NEVERTHELESS, I came under Parkman's spell long before I had even heard of multiple sclerosis. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac,* written with the passion for fact and the flair for neglected sources of a born scientific historian—chemistry, by the way, was Parkman's first love—convinced me that James Fenimore Cooper's frontiersmen and Indians, far from being the shadowy figments of romance and folklore, had had their counterparts in flesh and blood. Yet the book was more exciting than any novel, for its thrilling forest battles and forced marches were given meaning by being viewed as part of a vast social, political and economic movement that would turn the forest into ploughed land and supplant the red man with the white. In the French-English series I felt the added fascination of watching, through Parkman's alert eyes, the struggle between a declining feudalism and an incipient democracy—the former half-heartedly protecting the forest and the latter committed, perhaps unconsciously, to the forest's destruction. Mr. Doughty rightly and forcefully emphasizes Parkman's ambivalent attitude toward both sides, or rather toward all three sides—French, Anglo-Saxon, Indian—in the great conflict. As an aristocrat and a lover of tradition, Parkman sympathizes with the

VIVIAN MERCIER is the author of the forthcoming The Irish Comic Tradition *(Oxford). He has edited an anthology,* 1,000 Years of Irish Prose: The Literary Revival.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French; as a descendant of the Puritans and a believer in the inevitability, if not the desirability, of material progress, he sympathizes with the Anglo-Americans; as a stoic and a passionate devotee of personal liberty, he sympathizes with the Indians. None of this divided sympathy is neurotic, for it is all conscious and explicitly stated. I have just been reading *The Jesuits in North America,* in which Parkman applauds the Jesuits' courage, intelligence and sincerity even as he mocks their credulity and self-contradictions. At the same time, he scorns to romanticize the Indians, doing strict justice to their superstition, cruelty and purposeless belligerence. One must not mistake Parkman for a Romantic in the line of descent from Chateaubriand and Rousseau.

IS Parkman outdated as a historian? If so, his supersession can only be due to the quantity of new sources now available. A modern historian might equal, but could hardly surpass, his scrupulous respect for sources and his judgment in using them. In any case, as the historical value of his work diminishes, its literary value comes into clearer focus. If his over-all vision of the French-English contest as moving inexorably toward a predestined conclusion be too symmetrical for history, it still possesses the structural simplicity and unity of great art. Also, the vividness of almost every individual scene and character portrait suggests the novelist rather than the historian, though a good history doesn't have to be dull. The professional dullards in every branch of the humanities would like us to believe that good writing means bad scholarship, but Parkman refutes them: even his meticulous footnotes can be works of art.

It is appropriate, then, that Parkman's latest biographer should be not a professional historian but a teacher of Latin and English, and yet that his "main concern" should be "Parkman's histories" rather than his life. About half the book consists of literary criticism, pitched—not always with entire success—at the level of the quarterlies. Mr. Doughty illuminates Parkman's structure, both in the individual books and in the *magnum opus* as a whole, far better than he does Parkman's style. The discussion of *La Salle* as a tragedy, in the full critical sense of the term, marks the high point of Mr. Doughty's book. I'm sure the author would agree with me that the best writing in his book comes from Parkman, who is quoted frequently and at length. It is almost frightening to think of that big, muscular, handsome man writing some of those lucid though often ornate sentences—packed with vivid visual detail and, as Mr. Doughty so rightly insists, with a keen awareness of physical motion—as he sat in a wheelchair in a darkened room. Had it not been for his illness, Parkman would have enlisted in the Union Army the day the Civil War broke out; nothing but a bullet could have stopped his becoming a general. Whether literature and history would have gained or lost by this flight into action we can never know, but we can see that Parkman's writing career was the symbolic equivalent of a military one: a minor skirmish in *The Oregon Trail;* a brilliant battle in *The Conspiracy of Pontiac;* a long, hard-fought, but triumphant campaign in "France and England in North America"—with the general dying almost at the moment of victory, like Parkman's hero Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham.

Conformists and Visionaries

THE SINO-SOVIET CONFLICT 1956-1961. By Donald S. Zagoria. Princeton University Press. 484 pp. $8.50.

Alexandre Metaxas

THE SINO-SOVIET conflict is a *fait accompli* which few today would deny, and which diplomats the world over, Western, Communist and neutralist, assume in their calculations. Donald S. Zagoria draws up a patient and methodical compilation of texts that depict this tension. He accumulates official statements, unofficial declarations and articles from the Communist and international press that cast light on the conflict. His is a long book which nevertheless lacks an integral view and the imagination that are indispensable to untangle so vast a problem as the Russo-Chinese conflict. Moreover, the author makes no attempt to project his conclusions into the future. That is why, always recognizing the great scope of Mr. Zagoria's achievement and its usefulness as a compilation of sources, it is difficult to consider his book as an analytical study.

The author expresses precise opinions and the construction of his book is based on them. He assumes, for instance, that the conflict started around 1956, whereas in fact it existed even before 1949—that is before the triumph of communism in the whole of continental China. From as early as 1945, Stalin was practicing a policy of ambiguity in dealing with both Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek, and had thus begun to create discord between the Chinese Communists and the Kremlin. He preferred to negotiate with a Nationalist China that was relatively weak under the rod of the Kuomintang, rather than with a nation that was rallying under Mao's energetic direction. One also remembers the bad feeling engendered between the Chinese and Russian Communists when Stalin evacuated Manchuria only after having transferred to Russia the Manchu industrial potential. These are just two examples among many others.

But for Mr. Zagoria, as for the "conformist" experts, the Sino-Soviet dispute was born only at the XXth Congress when Khrushchev and Mikoyan decided to de-Stalinize. Or, to put it another way, the dispute became real for him only at the moment when he could produce newspaper articles and declarations from responsible Russian or Chinese Communists. A criticism one could make of Mr. Zagoria is that he attributes to the Russian and Chinese press, which are singularly poor in facts and details, an exaggerated importance for interpretation of the real Sino-Soviet conflict. He reads between the lines of these texts as if to attribute to them an importance and density which they lack. And he passes over all the sources of information on this dispute which were not issued by the press of the Communist camp. His work, therefore, is good but incomplete. The real Sino-Soviet dispute unfolds in the corridors, in the impenetrable offices of Moscow or Peking. It is frustrating, if one wants to analyze the Chinese-Russian situation at any depth, to content oneself with official bla-bla. And it is not sufficient to read between the lines. One must look for other information, other sources more complete and consistent. One feels that the author did not want to extend himself beyond the prudent limits imposed by his guides, the conformist experts.

MR. ZAGORIA'S book raises a general question of what it means to be "expert" on Communist questions. In his preface, he finds fault with the "visionaries," that is those rare Kremlinologists and

---

ALEXANDRE METAXAS, French *journalist specializing in Russian and Chinese affairs, is the author of* Peking and Moscow *(Chatto and Windus, London).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sinologues who have had the defect, one gathers, of a foresight which far exceeds that of the "conformist" experts. These latter, university professors or repentant Marxists, have an opinion on everything, but always in retrospect. Mr. Zagoria even seems to apologize for having treated a question that was until recently relegated by such experts to science fiction.

The Sino-Soviet Conflict is a new proof that the "conformist" experts panic before the possibility of being wrong: they wait for the event to become definitively and unmistakably accomplished before taking it seriously. Those who are of Marxist origin feel pursued by their original sin, and to their calculated prudence they add a painful bias of judgment. The university professors are checked in their vision, and prevision, of events by scholastic habits and a sometimes sterilizing methodology. They also lack instinct; or, if occasionally they possess it, are afraid to use it. On the whole, the "conformist" experts form a team highly endowed with deductive sense but deprived of all political intuition. That being so, their irritation toward the "visionary" experts is easily understood, but the "visionaries" are none the less indispensable for those leaders of the West who want to have a broad prospect of tomorrow. They offer, not proof, perhaps, but hypotheses for testing the international unknowns.

A final remark concerning works on a conflict as important and confused as that between Russia and China: one must consider, in as large measure as possible, the context of history. The Russo-Chinese antagonism does not begin in 1958 or 1956, as Mr. Zagoria thinks when he tries to explain history by means of a press summary—even one as large and documented as his. It goes back to 1948, to 1925, to 1858 when Russia obtained the right of passage on Chinese territory, and even to 1689, the date of the treaty of Nerchinsk which established for the first time diplomatic relations between the Chinese Empire and the Russia of the czars. Actually, history teaches us that the only permanent, unalterable current which has always dominated nations is political realism. The Chinese-Russian dispute coheres with political realism.

Digging with Blinders

THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF EASTER ISLAND: Vol. 1. Edited by Thor Heyerdahl and Edwin N. Ferdon, Jr. Rand McNally & Co. 559 pp. $25.

Alfred Sundel

THOR HEYERDAHL'S *Kon-Tiki* (1950) recounted his audacious 4,300-mile raft journey, with five companions, from Peru to Polynesia. The voyage, inspired by Heyerdahl's theory that American Indians had settled Polynesia, proved no more than that it could have been done. Few readers of *Kon-Tiki* — complete with photos of bewildered sharks being hauled aboard by the tail — were aware, however, that the bits of Peruvian prehistory related as fact were often disputatious or distorted. Right or wrong, Heyerdahl had written a bestseller. He had dared the sea, and his outburst of theory burned with conviction. As public attention accrued, it lent him an air of authority on such esoterica as Easter Island, while little-known scholars, plugging away in obscurity, quietly scored off his mistakes.

Easter Island is a lonely bird roost in the immense Pacific. Yet here, 600 monoliths were once carved, 250 stone-fitted temple platforms built and glyphs like writing incised into boards. The nearest island west, uninhabited when discovered, lies 1,200 miles off. To the east, 2,300 miles of open sea wash in to a desolate Peruvian coast, behind which loom the Andes. At Tibetan heights across the Bolivian border are the crumbled ruins of Tiahuanaco. This mother-culture center of ancient Peru is vaguely dated between 1000 B.C.-A.D. 1000; stone, clay and legends are all that's left from the old days.

According to Heyerdahl, white-skinned Tiahuanacans descended 12,000 feet from the rugged Andes, crossed the desolate coast and paddled 2,300 miles across the Pacific unerringly to a remote island that European ships took 200 years to discover. Later, Northwest Pacific Coast Indians came down from Canada to keep the Tiahuanacans company. Theory syllogisms run: some Peruvian tribes elongated their ears; Easter Island statues have elongated ears; thus, Easter Island is a chip off the old mainland block.

It was inevitable that Heyerdahl would assemble an expedition and go to Easter Island to seek tangible proof. *Archaeology of Easter Island*, Vol. 1, is a monolithic volume of his expedition's reports, plus a sound island history and a less sound summation by a Heyerdahl who is more inclined toward scholarship than the one we have met in three previous books written to proselytize The Theory.

Somebody was on the beach at Easter Island before A.D. 400. Legend says that two canoes came from the east, carrying 300 migrants (which would make them the biggest canoes in Amerindian history). About 1680, two different peoples, the Long Ears and the

ALFRED SUNDEL writes fiction, criticism and, particularly, histories of pre-Columbian culture. He is at present completing a series of primers on prehistoric times and a high-school text on the Aztecs and Mayans for Collier Books.

Letter to Somebody from Somewhere

Or call it the time of the limited suicide when I keep
you from killing yourself with machine guns
because I have a second-strike capability
produced by the Snake God who doesn't care how you
get there — or in how many installments —
as long as the national debt passes away in
time for another generation of shock troops
to renew the charge.
It then becomes essential to know precisely how
crazy the other computer is getting to be if
you want to keep the edge of deterrence open
at your end.
Also, at what microsecond of the day he reaches his
median so you can adjust your early dew
warning system to his ups and downs.
Fed on this programming, our neighbors lived a
purely normal life, the birthrate increased,
the death rate declined, the 9% unemploy-
ment got built-in for life
and everybody lived happily in the suburbs of
forever after.

Walter Lowenfels

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Short Ears, warred — and the island was all but shorn of Long Ears. This ended 600 years of carving ski-slope noses on monoliths; the fun was clearly over and most of the statues were toppled.

After the island's European discovery in 1722, occasional ships dropped by. The natives were described as "thickly bearded, tall . . . white and ruddy." (Northwest Pacific Coast Indians are beardless, short and dark.) Average height was 5'11"; two natives topped 6'4". Chronic stealing and rat-hole burrowing in caves distinguished them. "Some had red hair." Easter Island was later slave raided, an epidemic imported and the stone age population almost wiped out.

THE archaeological reports in this volume are tedious accounts of pit measurements and the like. Comment is disappointing, the comparisons made inexcusably limited, and Peru invoked like a shaman's all-purpose, wonder-working cry. The statues (average weight: 18 tons), some sporting goatees, are of one pattern, revealing artistic stagnation after a single innovation. They were set up in totem-pole fashion *horizontally* on platforms because, lacking wood on their tree-sparse volcanic island, the natives carved in stone, and monoliths would be hard to arrange vertically. While some of the stone-masonry resembles that on the mainland, the fine mainland walls are nowhere repeated. Not a shard of Peru's countless, ageless pottery was turned up. Familiar Tiahuanacan motifs are absent, save for a few possibilities that lack the genuine geometric touch. The glyph boards, it appears, were only decorated mnemonic aids without literate intent.

Among many crude stone sculptures found were two which Heyerdahl associates with an atypical ("not part of the main group of ruins") Tiahuanacan statue with short ears. But the similarities are forced, for traits of the three sculptures belong to conventionalized art styles widely distributed throughout Oceania and the Americas.

As for racial questions (the only prehistoric redheads reported in the Pacific were a now-extinct lot in Australia) Heyerdahl couldn't care less. The islanders might as well have been mutes for all that their language concerned him. Not a single picture clearly identifies native from archaeologist (both dress similarly), though a few islanders claim Long Ear descent, while repetitive photos pile up that could well be captioned: "This is where we dug." Surely, comparison of a Long Ear and a Short Ear was in order.

Heyerdahl's bibliography fails to include Heine-Geldern or Covarrubias, the two foremost writers on trans-Pacific and Amerindian art-style relationships. No Polynesian linguistic expert was read. Even important Peruvian sources are missing. Most damning of all, the Amerindian reading sources are at a hit-or-miss minimum, with Mexico barely represented by outdated material, although Polynesian-type temples and carvings have been found here as well as a language group akin to Melanesian.

Heyerdahl's summation is written, then, with blinders that permit him to see only what he wishes to see: links between Easter Island and Tiahuanaco and other pet theory spots. He now tries to be more scholarly, but still stretches flimsy, disputable points and ignores facts that contradict The Theory. Having failed to find a single item of clearly evident mainland derivation, he is reduced, in the end, to pleading a geographic case. As with his other books, we are left with the feeling that he has jumped to his conclusions inconclusively, and this casts a long and regrettable shadow over the truly significant aspects of his expedition's work.

Art in Washington

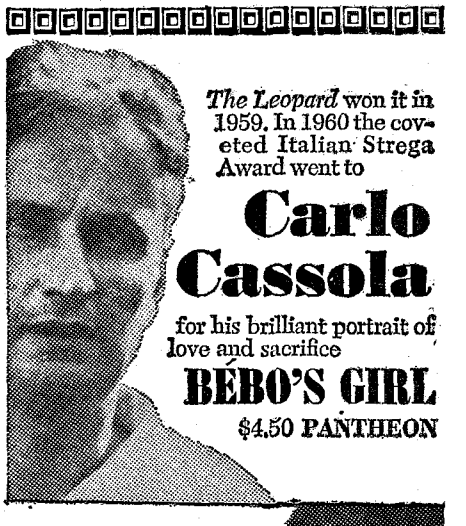
Maurice Grosser

In the issue of May 26, Mr. Grosser discussed the several collections brought together in The National Gallery. The present article concludes his survey of the principal museums in the nation's capital.

THE CORCORAN GALLERY, founded by the banker and philanthropist, William Wilson Corcoran, to display his art collection, is Washington's oldest art museum. The original building, a distinguished Victorian structure by James Renwick, Jr., architect of the Smithsonian, was completed shortly after the Civil War, and the institution, semi-private and under a self-perpetuating board of trustees, was opened in 1874.

Corcoran's collection was apparently neither large nor, by present standards, important—portraits of American historical figures; landscapes of the Hudson River School; Romantic works, like Thomas Cole's *Departure* (knights leaving a castle at dawn) and their *Return* (at sunset with their leader in a litter); along with a portrait of Corcoran as a portly, benevolent gentleman with a fur pelisse and two Victorian chairs. None of his European paintings are thought worth mentioning in the Corcoran's current catalogue of its masterpieces. But his endowment was generous, the collection continued to grow, and the original building was abandoned (it now houses the U.S. Court of Claims) for the present somewhat undistinguished structure, which was completed in 1897 and provided enough room to house the art school which had become an important part of the institution. In 1928 the building was further enlarged by the addition of a wing to contain the art collection left by W. A. Clark, Senator from Montana.

Senator Clark's collection is somewhat heterogeneous. Its core is a group of, to me, rather mousy paintings by the good Dutch names so vigorously collected in the eighties—Rembrandt, Cuyp, Steen, Hobbema and so on. There is an excellent and large collection of Corots; a great number of Monticellis, of whose elaborated surfaces the Senator seemed inordinately fond; a fine Daumier; a


The Leopard won it in 1959. In 1960 the coveted Italian Strega Award went to
Carlo Cassola
for his brilliant portrait of love and sacrifice
BEBO'S GIRL
$4.50 PANTHEON

Never before have the machinations of the Communist bureaucracy been so dramatically examined
Meeting at the Last Judgment
A novel by
Petru Dumitriu
$4.50, now at your bookstore. PANTHEON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boudin; five marvelous small Degas; along with a Jules Breton and two fascinating and dreadful Fortunys (a Tangier street scene in all detail, and a bevy of eighteenth-century Beaux in a *Régence* décor inspecting a nude model whose curves are patently in the 1890 tradition). There are Gobelin tapestries, Persian rugs, lace, a small stained-glass window from Soissons, the *boiserie* from a fine French salon, and five large, flat and sentimental panels by L. M. Boutet de Monvel which illustrate in the manner of a child's story book the history of Joan of Arc.

The Corcoran's American painting is much more convincing than this. American painting is, by the founder's own desire, the Corcoran's specialty, and its American collection is surpassed, as far as I know, only by the wonderful collection of the Brooklyn Museum. There are fine examples of everything and everybody, from the Primitives and Copley, the Hudson River School, the Darmstadt-trained genre painters, down to the latest thing in American Abstraction; all of it is being continually added to by gift and purchase.

The Corcoran holds frequent and complete retrospectives of important painters, especially Americans of which the recent large Marin exhibition was a particularly fine example. Its biannual show of American painting is one of the most respected of our national exhibitions, and its art school one of the most reputable in the country. It conducts a rental and sales service for American artists. It is, in fact, the one American museum uniquely interested in furthering American art. In view of all this, it is a little saddening to find that the group of contemporary works on view in the large entrance hall gallery—apparently the recent acquisitions—seem more remarkable for their carrying power as exhibition pieces than for their intrinsic worth as pictures.

THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION has a much less official character. The museum itself is a handsome and commodious private house turned into a picture gallery and with a modern wing added, and the collection has all the charm of a private collection. Got together and opened to the public by Duncan and Marjorie Phillips, both experienced painters, it presents a broad panorama of the Modern French school, along with examples of the reputed ancestors (such as Goya and Greco), and is completed by a selection of the English and American painters the school has influenced. Its scope is not too different from that of the Barnes collection. The Phillips pictures, however, if on the whole less important, are more consistently livable than those of Dr. Barnes. His were chosen with an eye to classroom examples and to give a complete survey of a painter's talent, and therefore include a number of monumentally hideous works. And Barnes himself had no finer Renoir than the Phillips' *Luncheon of the Boating Party,* and there are few Cézannes as charming as the Phillips *Mte. Ste. Victoire.* Even the American Abstractionists that are shown here seem to have put off their beatnik brashness for the well-combed appearance of pictures chosen to be lived with.

One remembers particularly the small dramatic Delacroix of Paganini playing; the lovely Corots; a *Beach at Trouville* by Boudin, with its stylishly dressed ladies. There is an exceptionally interesting William Merritt Chase—*Hide and Seek*—of a splendid and somber room with two little girls, done in the most skillful adaptation of the Japanese rectangular space division; a striking Eakins portrait; some wonderful Degas—particularly the early *Women Combing Their Hair* (which seems to be the detail for a larger picture), and a small painting of a very beautiful woman sulking. There is an exceptional Van Gogh, *The Entrance to the Public Gardens at Arles;* many fine Bonnards and some particularly fine Vuillards; Kokoschka landscapes; eight or nine Rouaults, each more characteristically lugubrious than the last one; a room of Klees; Marins; numerous harmonious still lifes by Braque; and many (for my taste, too many) Karl Knaths. The English contemporaries include Sickert and Piper, a characteristically innocuous Ben Nicholson, and a characteristically tormented Francis Bacon—and so on down, with good examples of everybody, to Lauren MacIver, I. Rice Pereira and William de Kooning. Marjorie Phillips is herself represented by several landscapes.

As one can see, most of the names and all of the manners of our century are represented. The choice is broad and catholic. The great virtue of the collection, however, is that not one of the pictures is an exhibition shocker. Almost any one of them could be looked at day after day without wearing thin. They were picked out—and with a splendid eye—for home consumption. This is not an official roster of names; it is a group of pictures bought with love. One leaves with the very pleasant impression of having met the owners.

THE FREER GALLERY, on the other hand, is as impersonal and as officially efficient as a library—which in many respects it resembles. A gift of Charles L. Freer of Detroit, it is under the ad-

In Plain Words

(from the Spanish of Blas de Otero)

At the doors of the world.

I call out to the day with wet hands,
at the doors of the world, while the blood grows.

I am a man literally loved by all sorts
of misfortune — and there's lots of hope too, thank God —
A Spaniard from beyond the rivers,
Guadalquivir and Ebro guard my back.

I am calling at the doors of the world,
while blood advances.

I ascend the tower, the roses of the dead
are burning round the day, I plant
outrageous sprigs of mint.
I leave the sedge, fasten geysers together,
and flash the greenest emeralds.

I knock on the dawn with my lips,
I call at the doors of the world,
I leap up to the beautiful towers of peace,
I sway other breezes, touch other themes.

O my country, tree of blood, darkling
Spain.

Let us open together
the last bud of the future.

Hardie St. Martin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ministration of the Smithsonian Institution and houses the Freer collection of Oriental Art, an extensive library on the subject and Freer's collection of Whistlers. There are also a number of paintings by Whistler's American contemporaries (not, for the moment, on display). The building itself, completed in 1921, a short time after Freer's death, is a handsome, compact, granite structure built in something of the style of a Florentine banker's palace, in plan a series of well-lighted exhibition halls surrounding a central court. Freer's Oriental collection was itself extremely large and has been continuously augmented since his death—objects, painting and manuscripts ranging from Armenia to the Far East. Only part is on display, but all is catalogued and easily available, and forms an exhaustive reference library on the whole of Oriental art.

The Whistler collection is also extensive and includes, along with a large number of paintings and sketches, the famous *Peacock Room,* or as Whistler himself preferred to call it, his *Harmony in Blue and Gold*—a work so celebrated that its story is worth retelling.

Mr. F. R. Leyland, a Liverpool shipowner, was one of Whistler's devoted clients. He had already sat for the portrait, now owned by the Freer, which shows him at full length with dress clothes and a pasty face, but awkwardly crowded into a tall and narrow canvas pretentiously entitled *Arrangement in Black*. Leyland had acquired for a house he was building in London a set of wall hangings of embossed, painted and gilded Spanish leather, reputedly brought over to England by Catherine of Aragon, for which he had paid the enormous price of a thousand pounds. He also possessed a large Whistler named *Rose and Silver: The Princess from the Land of Porcelain.* He had thought that the Spanish leather hung on his dining room walls would serve as a suitable background both for the painting and for his fine collection of blue and white china. And he engaged a rising young interior architect, Henry Jeckyll, to design the room for him.

The room, apparently, came out quite well, in something of a Spanish-Moorish style. The woodwork was in walnut. The ceiling, with its arabesque design and pendant octagonal gas fixtures, vaguely recalled the vaulted ceilings of the Alhambra. The fireplace was bordered in turquoise blue tiles, also in the Spanish manner, while on the walls were intricate rows of shallow walnut shelving to display the porcelain collection. The work completed, the Whistler painting was put in its place over the mantel, the furniture and china were installed and Whistler was called in to admire.

Naturally enough, he didn't. He protested that the color of the Spanish leather disturbed the delicate color balance of his *Princess*. And he persuaded Leyland to let him have a try at bettering it.

His intention was probably to underline his picture by changing the style of its setting from Hispano-Moorish to Japanese. He began by painting the whole room, leather, woodwork and ceiling, in Antwerp blue, a somewhat greener variety of Prussian. He decorated woodwork and ceiling with stencil designs in gold and covered the window shutters and the farther wall with a series of large gold peacocks, in style and placement reminiscent of the Japanese. One of these, clutching silver coins in its claws, is supposed to satirize his patron, Leyland.

The result, to present-day eyes, is deplorable. Leyland himself never liked it. Whistler had ruined his leather, and the harsh blue-green was so out of key with the blue of his porcelains that there was no question of displaying them. The whole effect is oppressive. The color is dark and sad. The gold is perhaps real gold, but here looks suspiciously like radiator paint. The peacock panels are skillfully designed but evince more the influence of Beardsley than of the Japanese. And as for the canvas all this was intended to set off, it is so badly drawn, so laborious in its painting and so awkwardly composed, that it seems scarcely worth the trouble. And to add to the Moorish-Spanish-Japanese confusion, the Japanese princess in the picture appears quite patently what she was in life—a youngish, not too distinguished, middle-class Greek.

At any rate, the Peacock room brought an end to the career of the young Jeckyll. The useless destruction of his first ambitious work unhinged his mind. He was found in his bedroom, babbling of peacocks and painting the floor in gold. He died shortly afterwards without recovering his reason.

Dreamt Night of 3-22-62

Hakuin, nodding head
before a new disciple:
"I am tired. I shall sleep two hours."

"But Master how then
will you be enlightened?"

Hakuin, head still:
"I am asleep."

George Economou

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ONCE he has swallowed the disappointment of discovering that Lolita in the movie is pushing hard on the age of consent, the libidinous critic must decide what if anything he can salvage from the sorry tale of the lovesick professor and the juvenile delinquent. There turns out to be a good deal. In the first place, Peter Sellers plays Clare Quilty, the Hollywood hack-genius and nemesis to Humbert Humbert. Mr. Sellers' repertory of accents has never been more pyrotechnic, but beyond that he is given enough space to create a chilling sketch of the American operator crazed by his own know-how. Shelley Winters as Lolita's mother is also fine, though she is given rather too much space. One of the most eloquent of actresses, she establishes her Book-of-the-Month-Club matron with nymphomaniac leanings in about thirty seconds and is then obliged to repeat for the required footage. One begins to suspect that *Lolita* was not a very inventive book — that is, beyond the initial audacity. The picture runs two and a half hours, which is long by at least forty-five minutes; it should, and probably will, be cut, and most of the savings can be made in the very

For Math Buffs—

THE MATH ENTERTAINER is the title of a brand new treasure trove of mathematical teasers, ticklers, traps and twisters, gems, jests and gyrations—by the hundred!—to beguile, bemuse, and bewilder (perchance—whisper it softly!—to instruct).

Includes: math history, symbols, circles, triangles, measures, moneys, series, permutations, abbreviations, roots and powers, math instruments, ratios, arrangements, fractions, shapes, "limerick" problems, true-and-false, identifications, logarithms, associations, statistics, calculus "cocktails," crosswords, figures from figures, arches, codes, problems and puzzles, etc., etc. Some of the posers will seem easy, others hard, some will amuse, others exasperate—but none are dull. **Answers and complete explanations are given for all problems. Illustrated. ORDER NOW!**

THE MATH ENTERTAINER

By Philip Heafford
$2.95 Postfree 10-Day Money Back Guarantee
EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 457-M
251 West 19 Street, New York 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leisurely build-up to the death of Charlotte and Lolita's seduction of her stepfather.

I also admired the bubble-gum cynicism and knowing ignorance of Sue Lyon; she makes Lolita a mirror of the popular culture and as alarming a harbinger of Western civilization's imminent collapse as I can remember. I very much fear that she is type cast, and that Stanley Kubrick, the director, had a wide choice of candidates. The picture, finally, offers occasional flashes of incidental satire, though nothing approaching the motel, carhop, drive-in phantasmagoria that was the best part of the novel.

James Mason has the unenviable task of making something interesting out of Humbert Humbert with almost no help from Vladimir Nabokov (who wrote his own script). The trouble is that in the book Humbert is the narrator and his character is supposed to emerge from the creamy prose of Mr. Nabokov. But a movie can't spout pseudo-elegance by the gallon and Mr. Mason's lines are cut down to the point where they sound disdainfully dim. He never was a very resourceful actor and the best he can come up with in the emergency is a perspiring sheepishness punctuated by tantrums and tears. It is impossible to describe how wearing this becomes in two hours and a half; Lolita begins to take on the shine of Joan of Arc for having endured it week after week.

I'd have given the Humbert role to Peter Sellers, with perhaps Rod Steiger playing the unspeakable Quilty. That way, the central machinery of the picture might have looked less like the motel adventures of a second-hand car salesman and a quick-lunch cashier. The sex in *Lolita* is no longer perverse; it is now merely sordid.

THE ARGENTINE director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson has made in *Summerskin* a picture that compares excellently with the notorious films of elegant decadence that have come recently from Italy. The sensuous photography, the indolent sexuality, the shiny new wealth of *Summerskin* are all very much in the tone of *l'Avventura* and *La Dolce Vita*. In the matter of plot and character, however, this picture clearly excels its European contemporaries. The Italians have advanced the somewhat obvious, if socially pertinent, idea that boredom and the power of money divorced from a tradition of responsibility breed a variety of spectacular vices. *Summerskin* is much more individualized; it operates on its characters with the savage, drastic surgery of a short story by de Maupassant or Chekhov.

The tragedy pivots on the relationship between a still-virgin girl of courtesan upbringing and a man besotted by the egotism of prolonged illness. She is confused by a conflict between the calculations of her training and a love based queasily on pity. He drives their intimacy forward in obsessive infatuation with his own therapy. They are hot with the presence of each other and cruel with an extremity that reflects the extremity of their positions. The attitude of the film is not misanthropic, but it does suggest that the sexuality we dress up as love's young dream is a devastating force held in precarious balance.

Graciela Borges and Alfredo Alcon play out this bitter encounter a little too much by rote. It may be that the intensity of the situations abashed them; or perhaps Señor Torre Nilsson has the failing as a director that he leashes his actors too rigidly to a preconceived pattern. The whole cast seemed somewhat cramped by instruction. It is a flaw, but not serious enough to undercut the formidable passions of the film.

(Continued from page 557)

filiated companies: "Everything you do in life must be commercially feasible."

Career women have not been masculinized; they have been moneyized. The old adage has it that money makes the mare go; also the sire, gelding, stallion, colt and filly in our nation's hypercommodity exchange.

TODAY'S career women are becoming the equal of men. It is one of the greatest negative achievements of all time. They can now be almost as ruthless, almost as selfish, almost as unpublic-spirited. It is all integral to the old payola-roll blues. We may be shocked that women are becoming defeminized, but it is our money-oriented society that is dehumanizing both the working sexes.

Career women have their uniform: the good little black "nothing" of a dress from the costly name designer; the tote bag; the heavy charm bracelet dangling gold miniatures instead of shrunken heads. The men, too, have their Madison Avenue equivalent with the black custom-knitted tie, the attaché case, the burnished cuff links instead of brass knuckles. The women are scented with perfumes bearing such names as Femme Fatale, Lady Eve, Irresistible Lady. The bottles for men carry more muscular names, such as Bullring or Leather. The cover-up smell is the same and it is odious.

Why are we more distressed by the sight of the repellent female than by the male? Partly, to be sure, because we operate according to a cultural lag. Our mores have not caught up with our census. Twenty-five million women are working: physically, they are out in the job world, battering and being battered. Emotionally, we expect them to remain sheltered behind the home screen.

The cultural lag is only part of the story. What is more central to our distress is that the sight of these aggressive career women is proof visible of what we have tried to hide for so long: that our present form of society is dehumanizing all its members, not merely the men, but the women as well; and our children are fast catching up.

EDUCATIONAL

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog **FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.**

PUBLICATIONS

L'EXPRESS

the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your copy. **HOWARD PUBLICATIONS, 1475 Broadway, New York 36.**

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS SEND YOUR books, articles, stories, plays for free evaluation, screening and sale. Write today! **Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, N. Y. C. 10.**

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Cost too much? Can't afford it? **ALL WRONG!** Now is the time to get that Air Conditioner for as low as $155.00. All makes including Carrier, Fedders. Free survey to insure proper unit. **STANDARD BRAND DIST., 27 Union Square W. (cor. 16th St.), 3rd floor, N.Y. GR 3-7819—CH 2-0061.**

Buy Your Books
through *The Nation*

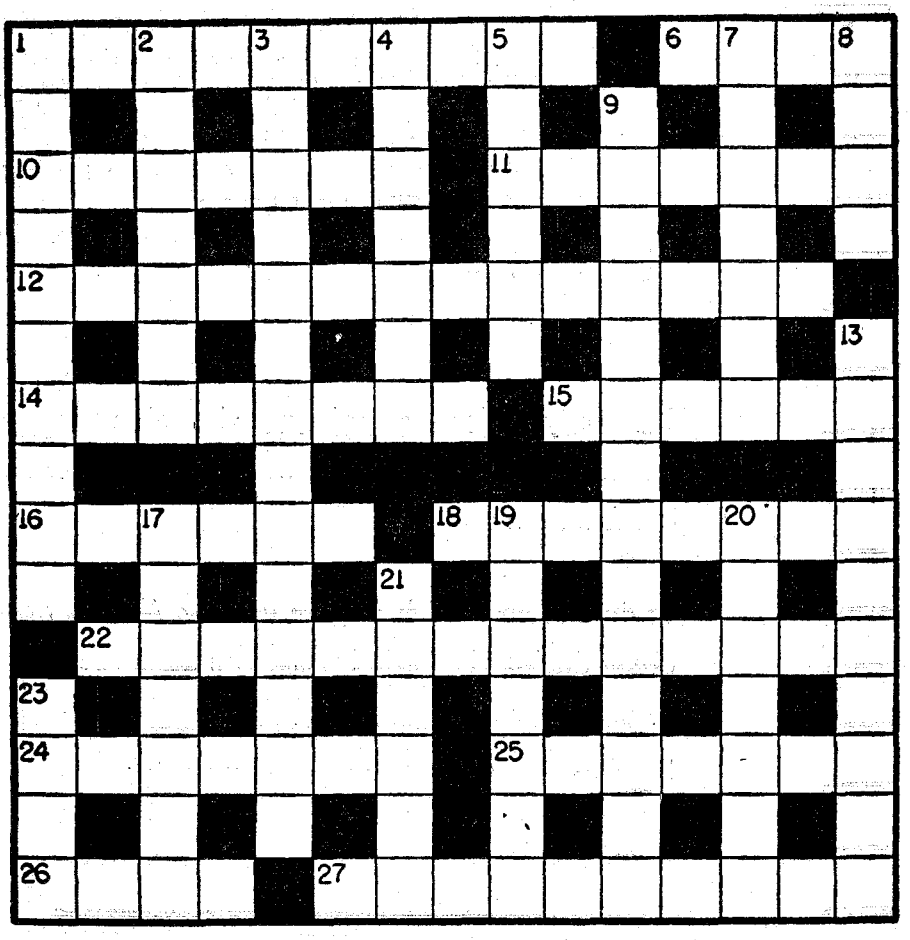
Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering please give name and author and publisher, if possible. Please address your orders to:

THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 968

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Tulips? Snap out of it! (Beggars description, possibly.) (9)
6 Go under this at the corner? (4)
10 A small firm to sort of bloom with the proper capital. (7)
11 Isn't that just like your better half! (7)
12 Try to mark pulse fluctuations where the best dressers make the feathers fly. (7, 7)
14 Where have you been, dear? (8)
15 Put on a show? (6)
16 Is sabotage not so troublesome when it's involved in steep practice? (3, 3)
18 Merwoman? (8)
22 A miser certainly is, as a starter! (3, 3, 3, 5)
24 Raises the bet on a sudden impulse? It might be a swell idea! (7)
25 Rearing boys more like basketball players might be! (7)
26 The Death of the Flowers says the melancholy ones are come. (4)
27 What betters sometimes swear they see might be just one rash subject among others. (10)

DOWN:

1 Nasty chops taken by those who might fall all over you. (10)
2 Certainly not a way to purify the head Indian. (7)
3 But it doesn't imply there's not enough K-rations to go around! (7, 7)
4 Yet coal is of a rather low order! (7)
5 Out of sorts, but able to provide for one with a rather large bill. (6)
7 This gets let out of the bottom of a national emblem. (7)
8 Faint? It's the limit! (4)
9 "Enchanted April" should certainly have been one! (4, 2, 3, 5)
13 They prove you can keep your balance with arms of a different length. (10)
17 Certain overlooking of things has set many awry. (7)
19 Come into a Rhine product in it. (7)
20 Certainly not to be confused with "out to lunch," according to the Green Man, for example. (3, 4)
21 It's imperative to find Abraham, if your description is rather vulgar. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 967

ACROSS: 1 Love me, love my dog; 9 Noonday; 10 Gudgeon; 11 Icicle; 12 Streamer; 14 Literature; 15 Ural; 17 Nose; 19 Polar bears; 22 Shavings; 23 Advice; 25 Undergo; 26 The bomb; 27 Dollar diplomacy. DOWN: 1 Long Island Sound; 2 Violist; 3 Meddlers; 4 Lays; 5 Vegetarian; 6 Madder; 7 Dreamer; 8 General Assembly; 13 Stronghold; 16 Abednego; 18 Scandal; 20 Arizona; 21 Sierra; 24 Stop.

VACATIONS

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

Beautiful 8 mile lake. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing, Entertainment. Superb Cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator. Special "single" weekends. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.

FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449

FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

MERRIEWOODE
HIGHLAND LAKE, STODDARD, N. H.
Suggests that if you must have intelligent companionship, great beauty of environment, good food and plentiful, and things to do, MERRIEWOODE has them all to give. OPENS JUNE 30th.
We pledge all our facilities which include just about everything, to the success of your most important holiday. Non-sectarian. OLIVE 'Hattie' BARON, Director
Marlow-Hilltop 6-3349

WINDY HILL ON ORANGE LAKE
A pleasantly informal vacation in friendly atmosphere. Swimming, Boating, Fishing on Natural Lake. Badminton, Volley Ball, Ping-pong, other sports. Records, books. Summer Theatre, Golf nearby. Food of excellent quality in generous quantity. $55.00 Weekly; $8.00 Daily; Weekend: Fri. Supper thru Sun. Dinner $16.
Tel. Newburgh 562-1232
Jane C. Arenz, R.D. Box 160, Walden, N.Y.

YOUR VACATION IS DUE! Relax on 100 beautiful acres. Lake on the premises. Wholesome food. Perfect for families. Animals for the children. Meet 30 other nice people. Adults $40, Children $25 per week. Y. Schwartz, Spring Mt. House, Jeffersonville, N.Y. Phone: Jeffersonville 290.

SUBLET

APARTMENT for sublet. Low rent. 3 furnished rooms. Large. Call KI 6-9096 after 6.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. THE COVERED WAGON. Algonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC), 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.

FRANK SANTORO—Cabinetmaker—Carpenter—Custom Painting. AL 5-8343. Padded Wagon (NYC).

PERSONALS

PEACE HOSTAGES WANTED
Would you live, work up to 2 years in U.S.S.R. in exchange for Soviet citizens doing same in U.S., if relatives of government officials agree to join this massive exchange? Find out about this positive step toward survival, as reported in N.Y. Times (3-13-62), New Yorker (3-17-62), Saturday Review (4-21-62).
write: PEACE HOSTAGES
Box 2737, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C.

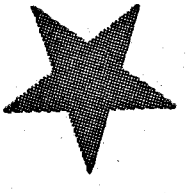
INDEPENDENT THINKERS — investigate HUMANISM, the nonsupernatural personal philosophy. Free literature. American Humanist Association, Dept. N2, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Advertising Rates
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3-line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
The NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best Under the Sun



Dear Sirs: Judging by my experience last year, I'm not going to be able to find a *Nation* anywhere on a newsstand within reasonable distance of my vacation spot. So please enter a year's subscription for me, starting immediately. My summer and permanent address are enclosed.

As far as I am concerned, *The Nation* is the best magazine of its kind under the sun.

GUY T. MOLLISON

Chicago, Ill.

Best only under the sun? And what about in the shade of those two maples, while you rock gently in the hammock?

It does seem foolish to give up *The Nation* precisely during the period when you have the most time to give to it. Let the obliging mailman solve your problem. Fill in the coupon below.

THE NATION

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14

Please send THE NATION

- ☐ One Year, $8
- ☐ Two Years, $14
- ☐ Payment enclosed
- ☐ Three years, $20
- ☐ 6 Months, $4
- ☐ Bill me

(Foreign & Canadian postage $1 a year extra)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

6-23-62

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED